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Taber Free Press

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Improvements at the Station

A General Clean Up in Progress, Every Building Receiving a New Coat of Paint

During the present week a general clean up has been going on at the C.P.R. Station here. The water tank, which is said to have had three feet of mud in it, has been cleaned out, and judging from the amount of mud spilled upon the track the estimate is not far from correct. All the outbuildings are also receiving the much-needed attention and are being put in a thoroughly sanitary condition.

The station has been revarnished and kalsomined inside, and is now bright and cheerful. Painters are at work giving the station, water tank and outbuildings a fresh coat of paint.

Taber has now one of the neatest and brightest stations along the Crow and the C.P.R. is to be highly commended for the extensive improvements made here this spring. Evidently Taber as a business point ranks high in the estimation of the C.P.R. and nothing is too good for Taber.

There is one more improvement that is badly needed, however, and we believe this will be promptly attended to once the attention of the proper officials is drawn to it. We refer to more waiting-room accomodation, especially for ladies. With one waiting-room, as at present, it is anything but pleasant for ladies to have to sit in a room where a dozen or more men are filling the air with clouds of smoke. When the separate waiting-room for the ladies is provided very little complaint can be found with the accommodation at Taber.

Departmental Examinations

Examinations for Teachers' Diplomas and University Matriculation will be held from July 2nd to July 10th at the following centres: Calgary, Cardston, Edmonton, High River, Lacombe, Lethbridge, Macleod, Medicine Hat, Olds, Raymond, Red Deer, Strathcona and Wetaskiwin.

Candidates at other points are being advised regarding the centre at which they are to present themselves for examination. The official timetable will be issued in a few days.

The Difference

He stood beside the altar,
And his face was grave and sad;
She stood beside the altar
With a smile both sweet and glad.
But why this awful difference
Between the man and maid?
HER clothes were made to order,
While HIS were ready-made.

NO NEED OF THE DIFFERENCE WITH YOU
When We Make To Order FROM $16.50 UP

A. Potter & Co
Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters
TO MEN WHO KNOW

Vancouver Riot Costly to Canada

Total Expenditure Will Aggregate $50,000

CLAIMS OF ORIENTALS

Vancouver, B.C., June 8th.—"I think the people will be glad that we have reached the last phase of the riot. I hope some good will come of it and that at least it shall help us to understand each other better." Commissioner King thus closed the two weeks' Chinese claims' inquiry, his third investigation within nine months, all growing out of the riot of last September. The commissioner spoke of the valuable assistance rendered by Mr. McEvoy, counsel for the Chinese, as also by the presence at the inquiry of Mr. Ling, representing the Chinese Embassy in London; Owyang King, vice-consul at San Francisco; and Mr. Moy of Portland, with whom he had many private conferences.

"It is impossible in an inquiry like this," concluded the commissioner, "to avoid asking many questions, some of which might seem to be impertinent and appear to relate to the private affairs of the business of the claimants, but I feel sure that all realize that these have not been prompted by any idle spirit of curiosity.

"Perhaps the highest compliment that can be paid to the Chinese is to say that after a careful examination of their business methods and their economic and social conditions they have, on the whole, increased my appreciation of their character."

THE THREE INQUIRIES.

The first inquiry growing out of the riot was that into the claims of the Japanese, who were awarded nearly $8,000. The second was that in the following month of Noyember, into the cause of the oriental influx. Had the Chinese Government had a resident consul in the Dominion the claims of the Chinese would have been investigated at a much earlier date. A rumor has it that Owyang King will be the first Chinese consul in Canada, and that he will be stationed at Vancouver. The claims of the Chinese total nearly $28,000. The amount they will be awarded will likely be in the neighborhood of $25,000. That will make the cost of the riot, by the injury to business and property of the orientals, $33,000. The damage to the property owned by the white citizens has never been estimated, no claim having ever been made against the city for compensation. Making fair estimate for this, and including the amount paid out by the orientals for firearms which Commissioner King disallowed both in the claims of the Japanese and Chinese, together with the cost of three investigations and printing of official reports, the five-hour riot probably cost $50,000.

Bridges Swept Away

A despatch from Macleod last Friday says: "The Old Man River is rising alarmingly. The C. P. R. bridge west of Macleod has been swept away; the St. Mary's bridge, between Macleod and Lethbridge, is a total wreck; and the C.P.R. pumping station was swept into the river. Traffic is at a standstill."

Ireland Is Losing Its Population

Commission Regrets the Departure of So Many for This Side

The royal commission on the congestion in England has finished its labors and issued a final digest of the evidence. According to Rev. Archdeacon David the population in County Kerry was 293,880 in 1841 and only 165,726 last year. The decrease is due to emigration to Canada and America, which Archdeacon David described as a great evil, because it was not the weak and infirm who left the country but the young and strong, upon whom the nation should depend for growth and progress. Last year 971 persons emigrated from the country all between the ages of fifteen and thirty.

Canada "Not Always a Colony"

At a banquet attended by thirteen hundred Canadians, given by the Canadian Club of New York, says The Standard of Empire, Mr. Justice Longley of Halifax, N.S., responding to the toast of "The relations between Canada, Great Britain and the United States," is reported to have said: "I do not think that Canada will always remain a colony. We have all the rights of a free and independent country, even in matters relating to foreign affairs, but there comes a time when a nation develops such power that it no longer desires to be a colony. When that time comes there will follow a mutual readjustment and Canada will assume its then natural relationship with the Mother Country. Instead of a dependency there will be an alliance. There will be no thought of union with the United States. It might be to our political interests, but would be foreign to our ideals, for we could not then take our place among the nations of the world.

Making Gas From Straw

A recent visitor to Toronto was Mr. J. Russell Coutts, a Canadian who has invented a process of making gas from straw and cornstalks, which promises to be of great value in the prairie provinces and states of the West. Mr. Coutts, while engaged in wheat farming in the Canadian West a few years ago, noticed a blue flame in the destruction of straw which he thought might be used to advantage in producing a gas for illuminating purposes. Being a trained chemist he visited Europe in pursuance of the idea, and after experiments and much labor, chiefly in Cleveland, Ohio, he perfected a machine for the purpose which is now being put to practical use in the town of Beatrice, Nebr. As 200,000,000 tons of straw, corncobs, etc., are annually burned in the western states and provinces in order to get rid of this so-called waste of material, and as fuel is none too plentiful, the result of the invention should be of great value. It has been shown that the straw and corncobs and stalks are better fuel than coal, the former giving 15,000 feet of gas and the best coal only 10,000 feet to the ton, the cost of the latter being in addition much the greater. It is expected that the invention will shortly be put to practical use in the city of Brandon.

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Is excellent for Barb Wire Cuts

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General Banking Business Conducted
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$5 and under, 03 | $10 to $30, 10c
$5 to $10, 06 | $30 to $50, 15c
Impossible to lose your money in transmitting it by this method
Taber Branch, C. E. Moe, Manager

"The Pioneer Merchants"
We have a complete stock of
Garden and Flower Seeds:
"SEEDS THAT GROW" !!!
Also a Good Variety of Onion Sets, sure and heavy yielders
"Multiplier" Onion Sets ..... 15c. per Qt.
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As well as carrying a complete, up-to-date stock of GROCERIES, we also have the best assortment of China and Crockery Ware in town
FORTY-PIECE CHINA TEA SETS, exquisite patterns and an elaborate stock from which to choose, $10.50 to $18.00 per Set
TWENTY TABLE SETS, beautiful patterns, From $1.00 to $4.50 per Set
150 VASES, WATER SETS, and various other articles too numerous to mention, suitable for Birthday and Wedding Presents, From 25c. to $4.00
ODD CUPS AND SAUCERS, PLATES, BOWLS, ETC., $1.50 to $2.50 per Dozen
We take pride in showing these Goods, which comprise the Finest and Most Complete Stock in Taber
The Taber Trading Co., Ltd.

DEERING Mowers and Rakes, Binders, Twine, and Oil
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Harness, saddles, whips, robes, blankets and everything for your horse. Special attention given to orders of all kinds
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Notice to the Public
The undersigned builders and contractors are prepared to furnish plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds and sizes. Address them at the Taber Hotel.
McKellar & Wildman
Builders and Contractors

His Homecoming

By Cecily Allen.

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She was extremely fair to look upon. To Nat Gregory the realization of this fact was nothing new. But somehow just at this particular moment it was borne in upon him afresh and at a novel angle.

Her hair was blue black, so were her lashes, and her eyes were a wonderful blue, which, somehow, sometimes, turned to an equally wonderful violet.

The last time that Nat had looked into them his own had been full of stinging smoke tears. How could he stand six months in Panama with the light of those blue (or were they violet) eyes denied him?

But her notes had been so brief and unsatisfactory that even in hot, lazy Panama he had caught himself reading between the lines and finding there a selfish soul, the small narrow soul of the girl given to personal conquests, the soul steeped in admiration and fed on compliments.

She was smiling at him now across the car's broad aisle and above a great "granny" muff of gray squirrel. That huge mass of fur made her face look all the more piquant and dainty.

Occasionally the man on the right intercepted the friendly glances which Peggy Barton shot at the newly returned Gregory, and he glowered. Nat Gregory knew just how the chap felt. He had intercepted the same sort of glances, and they had made him squirm too.

She simulated a tiny cough and instantly raised the muff again. The cough was a good excuse for a fetching pose, but somehow the absurd little deception annoyed Nat Gregory. It is so sometimes with men who have had their minds and souls opened and broadened by travel and contact with men of affairs.

So he let his glance wander to the girl next to Peggy. She smiled at the returned traveler, too, but it was a different sort of smile, a wholesome, friendly smile, without any vague sense of ownership behind it. Peggy Barton always assumed that air with men—her sister Janet, never.

For, you see, Janet was the ugly duckling of the Barton family, famous for its pretty daughters and the good matches they made. Janet was the youngest, and she might not have been considered homely if Peggy had not been so brilliantly, scintillatingly beautiful by contrast.

There were those, principally women and young men without prospects, who said that Peggy Barton always dragged her younger and less attractive sister around with her as a foil.

Something of this was passing through Nat Gregory's head as he sat watching the little comedy. The other chap would be furious if Nat crossed the aisle and talked with Peggy, and Peggy would be furious if he did not. So he would strike a happy medium. He would join the party and talk to Janet.

How well he could remember their many trips together—Peggy, Janet and himself—to the links, where he and Peggy played golf and Janet sat on the veranda or disappeared in the woods where wild flowers were thick; to the matinee, where between the acts he and Peggy discussed the love interest of the play as if it were a personal matter, while Janet read the advertisements in the programme; to the rink, where he and Peggy skated together and Janet found some girl friend as a skating partner or sat against the wall making humorous mental comment on the circling tide before her.

What a jolly little beggar Janet had been in those days! If she had been bored she had never shown it, and—He was standing before the trio now.

The man, Fred Marsden, had been duly introduced. Peggy had turned the full battery of her wonderful eyes without the aid of the "granny" muff upon Gregory's tanned and clean cut face, and Janet had murmured something about "old times."

"I haven't skated—why, it is nearly a year since I've been on ice," he was saying to Janet. "I've a good mind to get admittance to this party and give you all a chance to laugh at my awkwardness. Do you think I could rent a decent pair of skates at the rink?"

Marsden was politely but not effusively reassuring. Peggy was mischievously pleased to pit the rivals on skates, and Janet just murmured, "Do come."

"I wonder how it will feel to the little girl if she has a real partner all afternoon," thought Gregory as he locked his skates. Before he and Janet had circled the rink a dozen times he realized that she was a splendid little person on the ice and a most appreciative listener, never giving thought to the tricky steel beneath her trim boots.

No, she was not "out" yet. Next winter perhaps she might come out at a tea. She was still the little sister of the reigning beauty. And didn't he think Peggy handsomer than ever? He did, and he said so, with a heartiness and a lack of tenderness that a more experienced girl than Janet would have interpreted correctly.

They lingered so late that the rush of home going toilers caught them in its swirl on the return trip. When they reached Gregory's corner, Janet mechanically extended her hand.

"Indeed, I'm not going to leave you in this crush. I know I'm a self invited member of this quartet, but Marsden has his hands full to steer Peggy through the crush. You'll need me."

Janet flushed and dimpled. Nat almost gasped. He had never seen a dimple in her chin before, but then Janet had never laughed up into his eyes in just that way.

"I'm coming up to call tomorrow night if I may," said Gregory as they drew near the Barton home.

"You'd better ask Peggy if she'll be home," said Janet soberly. "I think there's a dance out at the St. Andrew tomorrow evening."

"But you said you were not 'out' yet. You can't go to a St. Andrew dance," he said, with a fine assumption of elder brotherliness.

"Oh!" said Janet. And again the dimple cleft her chin.

"Fred Marsden is so tiresome," said Peggy as she permitted Janet to unlace her boots and spread out her dinner frock. "He seemed to think that Nat Gregory had no right to skate with me. And we were old friends before Fred moved here. Nat has improved, too, don't you think so?"

Janet bent down to plait a chiffon flounce that had not come unplaited.

"Oh, I can't see that he has changed any," she fibbed, her face now as rosy as the pink chiffon.

At that particular moment Nat Gregory was sitting before the grate fire in his room, fingering a parcel of letters tied with deep violet ribbons. Then he laughed—a short, chuckling, eloquent laugh—and laid the letters, ribbon and all, on the glowing coals.

"It was just when she peeped at me above that silly big muff! Of course I never really cared for her, but somehow I knew it was all up when she gave me that look to make the other fellow squirm. Heavens, how I used to squirm too! Now, Janet wouldn't make a man squirm. And where in time do I suppose she had been hiding that dimple? By Jove, come to think of it, I never looked to see whether she had a dimple or not in the old days."

For a few minutes he sat very quietly watching the mass of letters turn from flame color to yellowish pink and to pinkish gray. Then, whistling, he went down to the library, closed the door and picked up the desk telephone

"Is Janet in? Yes, Miss Janet Barton. All right. Hello, Janet, is this you? This is Nat—Nat Gregory. Oh, I just happened to think that you did not answer my question. Are you going to the St. Andrew dance tomorrow night? No, you did not answer my question. All right, then, I'm coming, about 8:30. Nonsense! I used to call on—er—other girls before they came 'out.' All right—goodby. Oh, wait a minute. Say, I want to know—would you mind telling me—did you always have a dimple in your chin? No, really, I never did—goodby."

He hung up the receiver, crossed to the mantel and by the aid of the low, broad mirror readjusted his tie. But evidently this was done mechanically, for what he said very gently to this tinted, clean cut reflection in the glass was:

"Funny how some girls can say 'of course' and make it sound like something ever so much better. Funny—no just great!" And then he leaned back in the most comfortable chair in the room and sighed contentedly. This was better than squirming, decidedly better.

Half a Loaf.

The negro's love of titles of whatever sort is amusingly illustrated by a story told by the governor of a southern state.

It appears that the congregation of a colored church in Georgia conceived the notion that it would add greatly to their dignity if the pastor of the church were enabled to add the initials D. D. to his name. A member, hearing of an institution in the north which would, for value received, confer such a degree, entered into correspondence with that end in view. Reply came to the effect that the sum of $75 would obtain the desired dignity.

A difficulty arose, however, in that the congregation were unable to raise more than $39. Finally, after much confabulation, the congregation delegated one of their number to see the thing out. The following message was sent to the institution mentioned:

"Kindly forward our pastor one D., we being unable to afford the other at this time."—Harper's Weekly.

"Pelorus Jack."

Near the mouth of Pelorus sound, on the Nelson side of Cook strait, is the home of a remarkable sea animal known throughout New Zealand as "Pelorus Jack." He is gray in color, about fourteen feet in length, and his pastime is to wait for coastal steamers and to escort them for several miles on their journey. As a boat approaches "Jack" may be seen heading toward her to take up his accustomed position beside or in front of the bow of the vessel. There, sometimes for twenty minutes, he hovers round, rushing so quickly from side to side that the eye can scarcely follow his movements. When he considers he has gone far enough, with a fast sudden plunge he dives once more and for the last time, disappearing in a whirl of foam, to be seen no more that trip.—Sydney News.

Kilts as Targets.

Admiral Lambton at a certain highland society dinner told the following tale: When the Gordon highlanders were in Ladysmith the order came that officers were not to wear their swords. This order was soon supplemented by another, by which all highland regiments were commanded to cover their kilts up, as if was thought that they served too well as targets for the enemy. Sir George White knew that such an order would not be popular. At last he thought of a way out of the difficulty. "Let them cover the fronts of the kilts up," he said. "The enemy will never see the other side."—London Garrison.

Worth Waiting For.

William I. of Germany was noted for his observance of the maxim that punctuality is the politeness of kings. The present emperor tries to follow that good example and expects the same virtue of his military subordinates. To others who lack it he is said to be lenient. Yet even his amiability and patience were sometimes put to a severe test by Adolf von Menzel, the eminent painter—was often an invited guest, but he hardly ever came on time. One day when he was over an hour late the kaiser greeted him with the words, "But, master, you have made me wait a long time." Menzel put his hand in his inside coat pocket and pulled out a sketch. "I have been doing this," he said, "and it took all this time." The emperor laughed, looked at it and retorted, "Well, this was worth waiting for an hour and a half."

Briggs—I see by the paper that the Russian national debt now amounts to four hundred and twenty-five billion dollars.

Griggs—Um—now they will know how to sympathize with me.—Life.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Stores them out by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

The Playwright—Honestly, now what do you think of my new play?

The Critic—Don't ask me. You're so much bigger and stronger than I am.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Itch, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion.

Host—Well Tommy, what do you want?

Waiting Boy—I want some of the turkey first, but I—I haven't got my other wants classified yet.—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"I think Elsie Brown is the meanest thing!"

"What's the matter?"

"Would you believe it of her? I showed her my new Merry Widow hat, and she went right out and got a bigger one."—Detroit Free Press.

Valuable Samples Free

"I have used your Coltsfoote Expectorant and find it satisfactory in cases of croup, colds or coughs. I have used it ever since I got a trial bottle, and have recommended it to everyone in need of it. You may use my name and address for testimonials if you wish. Hoping it will benefit others as it has done my children, I remain,

MRS. AGNES COMBER."

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Coltsfoote **Expectorant** is the greatest cough and throat cure in the world. It is the prescription of a renowned specialist. In order that every family may prove its unparalled merits we will send a sample bottle free to everyone who sends us their name and address and mentions this paper. Can be had at all druggists at 25c. Send your name to-day to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto.

Send for Free Sample To-day.

"Why did you shake your fist at the Speaker?"

"Well," replied the Congressman, "I didn't want the whole session to slip by without my having made a matter of some kind."—Philadelphia Ledger.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Mr. Bacon—You should never judge a man by his clothes, my dear.

Mrs. Bacon—I never do. I always judge him by his wife's clothes.—Life.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Latest Black Hand Weapon.

"The latest acquisition in the way of concealed weapons carried by Italians of the bandit or Black Hand class in New York city," remarked a detective who has had much to do with crime along this line, "is one of the simplest that evil ingenuity could devise. It is nothing more than a horseshoe nail. The long, slender nail, with its flat head, is filed to a sharp point. Clasped in the hand, it is invisible, but a quick, vigorous, long stroke with it will lay open a man's cheek from temple to chin or rip his throat with fatal effect if the jugular vein be reached. It is a weapon that costs nothing, is readily concealed even when in use and is more easily disposed of than any other we have encountered. It's hard to keep pace with these Sicilian devils."—New York Globe.

Guarding the Bank of France.

Like the Bank of England, the Bank of France is now guarded every night by soldiers. But within quite recent time the officials at the French bank resorted to a very novel method of protecting their bullion. This consisted in engaging masons to wall up the doors of the vaults in the cellar with hydraulic mortar as soon as the money was deposited each day in these receptacles. The water was then turned on and kept running until the whole cellar was flooded. A burglar would be obliged to work in a diving suit and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to plunder the vaults. When the bank officials arrived next morning, the water was drawn off, the masonry torn down and the vaults opened.—Strand Magazine.

Barn Roofing

Fire, Lightning Rust and Storm Proof

Durable and Ornamental

Let us know the size of any roof you are thinking of covering and we will make you an interesting offer.

Metallic Roofing Co.
Limited
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WESTERN CANADA FACTORY,
797 Notre Dame Ave. Winnipeg

He Feared to Presume.

The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence. "What is the price of this pin?" asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small brooch of exquisite workmanship. "Twenty francs, monsieur," said the clerk. "That's altogether too much," said the young American. "It's for a present for my sister. I'll give you 5 francs for it." "Zen it would be I zat gave ze present to your sister," said the Frenchman with a depreciating shrug, "and I do not know madeimoiselle."

These pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have a phenomenal action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs, act as an alternative in prevebting an admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.

Mrs. Quimby—Archibald, do you know anything about these people who are moving in next door?

Mr. Quimby—All I know about them is that they are people of some consequence. Two men have just carried in the madam's spring hat.—Chicago Tribune.

HEALTH FOR THE BABY.

A mother who has once used Baby's Own Tablets for her children will always use them for the minor ailments that come to all little ones. The Tablets are the best medicine in the world for the cure of indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and breaking up colds. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate or narcotic. Mrs. Wm. F. Gay, St. Eleanors, P.E.I., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets with the best of results and know nothing to equal them for the cure of stomach and bowel troubles. I do not feel safe unless I have a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Pardon me," the photographer said, "but I think your smile is unnecessarily broad. It will show all your teeth."

"Those teeth cost me $60," growled the sitter. "I want 'em to show."—Chicago Tribune.

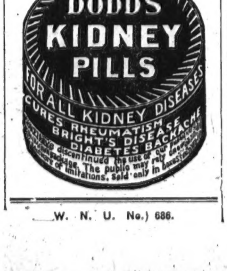
Trial Is Inexpensive.—To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, or any ailment arising from derangement of the digestive system a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with them. The trial will be inexpensive and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is their action that many cures can certainly be traced to their use where other pills have proved ineffective.

Binks—Very few women have any knowledge of parliamentary law.

Jinks—You should hear my wife. She has been speaker of the house for the last twelve years.—New York Press.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

The statement of a southern clergyman that Kentucky is on a higher plane, morally, than Massachusetts, will give the jokesmiths throughout the country an opportunity to restate the old one, now at least fifty years old, that the difference between Massachusetts and Kentucky is that one makes shoes and boots and the other makes booze and shoots.—Boston Traveller.



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RECORD GUN FIRING.

British Gunner Made Thirteen Hits In Fifty-Five Seconds.

A remarkable gunnery record has been achieved by First-Class Petty Office George Roberts, of the cruiser Good Hope, of gunnery. The shooting was in connection with the annual gunlayers' tests, which constitute the naval Derby, and P. O. Roberts has the satisfaction of carrying off the blue riband of the competitions for light quick-firers. The tests were carried out on board the Good Hope, flagship of the First Cruiser Squadron, off the Long Sands, near the Nore. P. O. Roberts' weapon was the 12-pounder, and the conditions were against all good firing. The weather was most unsuitable for good practice, and the light was very bad. The Good Hope at the time of the test was steaming at twelve knots, at a range of 1,050 yards. The target was of canvas, 6 feet by 8 feet. Thirteen shots were fired in 55 seconds, and a hit was scored with every shot. The position of the hits, too, was excellent, and in every way the record is remarkable. A number of photographs of the practice taken, and P. O. Roberts was congratulated by the officers of his ship.

In all twelve men took part in the 12-pounder competition.

In the three-pounder competition W. Andrews, A.B., scored 13 hits with 14 rounds. It is probable that 13 hits with 13 rounds with the 12-pounder, and 13 hits in 14 rounds with the three-pounder are records. In any case, with a ship steaming at 12 knots 13 hits in 55 seconds is splendid shooting, and the general average will place the Good Hope high up on the list.

A comparison with last year's results shows that both in individual firing and as regards totals there has been a marked advance. With the 12-pounders in the previous year the best shot in the fleet made 10 hits, and the best shot in the Good Hope 8 hits, as against the 13 hits scored by P. O. Roberts in the recent competition.

P. O. Roberts, who has obtained rapid advancement in the service, is to be congratulated on his continued success.

Wedding Customs.

The little customs that have come to be a part of the marriage ceremony have had diverse and interesting origins. The ring has played an important part.

With the coming in of Christianity it was no longer placed on the right forefinger, but on the third finger. The priest, or in some cases the groom, first put it on the thumb, saying, "In the name of the father"; on the forefinger, adding, "In the name of the Son"; on the second finger pronouncing, "In the name of the Holy Ghost"; then on the third finger with "Amen," —and there it remained.

The bridal custom says the April Delineator, originated in Bible times and was worn until all the public ceremonies were over, so it can readily be seen how Rachel received into marrying Leah instead of her sister Rachel. In the Anglo-Saxon wedding ceremony a square piece of veiling was held over the head of the bride to conceal her embarrassment.

In the later Bible days, during the period between the betrothal and the wedding, the bride remained with her friends and could communicate with her affianced only through "the friend of the bridegroom" as mentioned in John iii., 29, who also performed other services for the groom.

Throwing shoes originated in the old Jewish custom of handing to the purchaser of land an old shoe as a token of surrender or renunciation (see Ruth iv., 7). The bride's father gave a shoe to the husband or threw it after him to signify they surrendered to him all authority over their daughter.

Throwing rice symbolized fruitfulness and plenty, from its general distribution over the world.

Taking a honeymoon—name originated in Roman times, though the date is unknown. When Julia married Pompey her name became Julia of Pompey. Modern woman omit the "of" in the name.

London Guards.

About fifty years ago something like a dozen of horse guards, among the daily military guards at the Tower on account of the appearance of alleged "ghosts" who were solemnly asserted to haunt certain portions of the buildings from midnight to dawn. Nothing could shake the garrison's belief in these supernatural visitations, and one of its members actually died from fright. At last things arrived at such a pitch that it became necessary to post double sentries on every beat. The "ghosts," however, still manifested themselves, and the authorities were practically at their wits' end to calm the superstitious fears of the troops. Matters, indeed, had almost culminated in general refusal to go on duty when the mystery was cleared up. It appeared that the spectres were the outcome of a stupid practical joke on the part of some young men who had climbed the chimney-raising methods of the celebrated Prof. Pepper, who was just then giving his entertainment at the Egyptian Hall.

The Auld Fule.

An old gentleman in a village not far from Glasgow breakfasted every morning on porridge, and in order to save fuel, cooked a whole week's supply every Saturday. One Friday morning the stuff seemed very cold and very salt, and he felt he must abandon the struggle to eat it. But his stubborn nature forbade any such thought. So he fetched the whisky from the cupboard, poured out a glass and placed it before him on the table. "Now, Sandy," said he, "if you eat that parritch ye'll hae that whisky, an' if ye don't ye won't." He stuck again at the last spoonful, but keeping his eye steadily on the glass of whisky he made a bold, brave effort and got it down. Then he slowly and carefully poured back the whisky into the bottle with a proud grin, as he said to himself, "Sandy, my lad, I did ye that time, ye auld fule-"

Shiloh's Cure Cures Coughs and Colds QUICKLY

Use Shiloh's Cure for the worst cold, the sharpest cough—try it on a guarantee of your money back if it doesn't actually CURE quicker than anything you ever tried. Safe to take,—nothing in it to hurt even a baby. 34 years of success. Commence Shiloh's Cure—25c., 50c., $1.

To Buttermakers—and all who buy salt in large quantities, its cost is no inconsiderable item.

Windsor Salt

goes farther—and does better work. Its cost is really less —and it makes the butter worth more. Ask your grocer.

FOR INDIGESTION

distress after eating, dizziness, that heavy feeling, wind and pains in the stomach and furred tongue, take

Beecham's Pills

before you retire to rest. They start the gastric juices, assist the stomach to dispose of the food, encourage good appetite, sound digestion and make you feel life is worth living.

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

AN INFLAMED TENDON NEEDS COOLING.

ABSORBINE

Will do it and restore the circulation, assist nature to repair strained, ruptured ligaments more successfully than Firing. No blister, no hair gone, and you can use the horse. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 2-O Free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1.00 bottle. Cures Sprained Torn Ligaments, Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, "enlarged Glands" and Wens.

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LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, Canadian Agents.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg. The National Drug & Chemical Co., Wholesale Druggists and Calgary and Vancouver, Lyman Sons & Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

An Unconscious Toast.

Lord Clyde one day after dinner asked a chaplain to one of the regiments in India for a toast, who, after considering some time, at length exclaimed, with great simplicity:

"Alas and alack a day! What can I give?"

"Nothing better," replied his lordship. "Come, gentlemen; we'll give a bumper to the parson's toast, 'A lass and a lac a day.'"

A lac means 100,000 rupees, or $25,000, which is certainly an income to make one happy.—London Chronicle.

Exercising the Dog.

"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss.

"Yes," replied Mr. Wyss.

"Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail? He hasn't had one bit of exercise all day."

No music sounds so sweet as your own.

A Gentle Reminder.

"There," growled Mr. Suburbanite as he stored the snow shovel in the farthest corner of the basement, "ding you, I won't have to wrestle with you for a few months anyway!"

Turning suddenly around in the dark, he fell over something that gave forth a nerve tearing rattle and clicked. With a wild shriek he fled up the cellar stairs before the lawn mower could catch him.—Judge.

Neuralgia in the Face

Long standing case completely cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Headache and neuralgia. What hosts of people seek for cure of these ailments.

And in vain.

Because they are misled by going after medicines which only relieve.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is not a mere relief for headaches and neuralgia but is a thorough cure in the only way these troubles can ever be really cured—by restoring the nervous system.

Mrs. James Clancy, 714 Water St., Peterboro, Ont., states: "I was troubled more or less with severe headaches and neuralgia for nineteen years. Besides suffering I was useless as far as work was concerned. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food built up my system generally and made a thorough cure of my old trouble. It succeeded in my case after a great many treatments had failed."

Neuralgia and nervous headaches are always an indication of exhausted nerves. Make the cure thorough by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box.

How to Cook Rice

IT was said of an eminent Philadelphia lawyer that he was neither learned nor eloquent, yet almost invariably successful in his efforts to bring a jury around to his view of a case.

"He does it by insistence—not by argument," was the report of a man who had sat on a jury under his pleading.

"He repeats the same thing over and over, varying the form slightly, perhaps, but coming back always to the one main idea, until the average juryman can see but one side of the questio..."

It's the way the world over.

Say something often and hard enough to convince yourself that it is true, and, nine times out of ten, you will end by making your hearers believe it.

"Musing thus an hour alone,"

with the subject of this familiar talk before me, I wondered how much longer and harder I must tell American housewives what an excellent thing rice is before they are convinced of its superiority to that rank and overpraised potato, without which no family dinner is considered complete.

Unless my memory deceive me, I have said in effect, if not in word, what I am about to set down now, in this very Corner, and more than once.

For I believe in rice as a nutritive, and, when properly cooked, a palatable vegetable.

I know, too, that it is undervalued by four-fifths of our native housewives, despised by Irish cooks and barely tolerated by Germans.

Even the English, who are conversant with the important part the cereal plays in their eastern possessions, make little account of it in their domestic bills of fare.

We, who are cosmopolitan in so many of our customs, ought surely to rise superior to prejudices based mainly upon the flagrant abuse of that which is the staple food of peoples as civilized as ourselves.

Quoting from an article which deals with the subject more exhaustively than I have opportunity to do here and now:

"Rice," says an eminent authority upon dieteties, "is more largely grown and consumed as human food than any other cereal.

"It is said to be the main food of one-third of the human race.

"Alone, however, it is not a perfect food, being deficient in albuminoids and in mineral matters."

Yet we find that it contains seven-and-a-fifth parts of those same important albuminoids, while potatoes have but one-and-a-half parts!

Going on with our treatise, we read:

"The greatest amount of external work which one pound of rice, when digested and oxidized in the human body, would enable a man to perform is 466 tons, raised one foot high."

The writer just quoted continues: "As rice is deficient in natural fats, oil, butter, fat bacon or similar articles of food should be eaten with it."

Whereupon, the article concludes: "The trimmings that make rice toothsome also raise it toward the level of the perfect food.

"Furthermore, it may be consumed along with substances rich in nitrogenous or flesh-forming, materters—such as meat, eggs and many kinds of pulse, as peas or beans.

"All of which dicta point to our gentle cereal as a vegetable accompaniment of meat and gravies rather than to the final course which the English name 'sweets,' and the Americans call 'desserts.'

"Rice, when properly cooked, is digested without difficulty by the stomach, and holds healing in its soft starches and mild albuminoids, poulticing pain and coating sore surfaces.

"The adjective 'gentle' is used with a purpose in this connection."

This, and more tending to the same conclusion, was written ten years ago.

BETTER THAN POTATOES

What I said then, I put upon record now. Rice appears more frequently upon my own table than potatoes are allowed to do. It is more nourishing and far more easily digested than the potato, more delicate in flavor and susceptible of more and agreeable variations in cookery.

Potato-water is well known to be poisonous. I mean the water in which the raw potato has been boiled. Even in Ireland, where it forms the chief diet of the peasantry, the superstitio prevails that it should be thrown away as soon as it is drawn off from the potatoes.

If left in the house over night the pixies will bathe their feet in it and bring bad dreams to the family. The implication that it is noxious to humankind is plain.

Rice-water is a valuable addition to the stock-pot, and when boiled down makes nourishing jelly for children and invalids.

Suffer one last extract from the treatise referred to:

"As a rule, it suffers more wrong in the hands of the average American cook than any other vegetable.

"The nasty mess, stiff enough to stand alone, or so watery as to look like coarse, ill-made starch, which figures as boiled rice upon nineteen out of twenty otherwise well-furnished tables, deserves the reputation it has gained."

It is not a week since a good housewife wrote to me that "the only proper way to cook rice is to boil it all the forenoon. There is no other way of getting all the good out of it."

I think I have already told the story on this page of the praise bestowed by a naive missionary upon his Chinese servants' who, in the great famine year, begged that their masters would eat the rice which was their sole food, and give the water in which it was boiled to the servants!

The shrewd native comprehended that much of the "good" of the staple had gone into the water, especially after long boiling.

How to Boil Rice.

Wash a cupful of rice in three waters. Drain, and drop it through the fingers, as you would oatmeal in porridge, into a saucepan containing two generous quarts of water at a hard boil.

Add two teaspoonfuls of salt and keep the contents of the saucepan at a galloping boil for twenty minutes. The saucepan should remain uncovered, and the rice must not be stirred once during the time of cooking. Take out a few grains with a fork at the end of the twenty minutes and bite into one. If they are not tender, cook for three minutes more.

Drain off every drop of the water; turn the rice into a hot colander and set in the open oven for a few minutes to dry off as you would treat boiled potatoes.

Each grain ought to stand separate from the rest, and keep its own form, yet be tender. Serve in a heated, open vegetable dish, and eat with meat.

Pressed Rice.

Boil as directed above, and mix, while hot, with a tablespoonful of drawn butter for each cupful of the cooked rice.

Season with pepper, salt and a few drops of onion juice. Turn into a shallow dish and set a plate upon it, covering it entirely.

Press the plate down firmly and lay a weight on the plate. When the rice is cold and stiff, cut into squares or into strips, and fry to a light brown in a little butter.

Drain and serve hot and dry with chicken or game. Or you may broil the strips lightly, butter them and lay about a roast fowl as garnish and accompaniment.

Fried Rice.

Boil and press as in the preceding recipes, letting the rice get perfectly cold. It is best to do this the day before it is to be eaten. Cut into rounds or triangles, roll each piece in egg and cracker crumbs and fry quickly in deep fat.

Drain well and serve hot. This is a pleasant adjunct to poultry or meat, and likewise a good, plain dessert when eaten with hard sauce.

Rice and Meat Pudding.

Boil a cupful of rice in two quarts of salted water until it is tender—not longer. Drain, and dry out in the open oven.

Now, mix into it a cupful of hot milk in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of cornstarch.

Beat a raw egg light, add to the rice with a tablespoonful of butter, and let all get cold. Make ready a cupful of minced meat—poultry or lamb or veal. Beef will not do.

Blanch two tablespoonfuls of almonds, and chop fine. Mix with the meat, season highly and wet with strong gravy, just enough to moisten it thoroughly. When the rice is cold, toss and stir all the ingredients together, mingling without mashing meat and rice.

Butter a cake mould well; coat the buttered sides with fine crumbs and put in the pudding. Fit the top on the mould and set in a deep pan of boiling water.

Place the pan in the oven and cook for an hour and a half, replenishing the water in the pan as it boils down. Dip the mould for an instant in cold water to make the pudding shrink from the sides, and turn out upon a hot dish.

Serve with strained tomato sauce into which you have stirred two large tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese.

This excellent pudding will serve as the chief dish of a family dinner. It is cheap, easily made and savory.

Rice Souffle—as a Vegetable

Boil a cupful of rice until tender. Stir in with a fork a tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of four eggs, beaten, light, with pepper and salt to taste.

Next add three cups and a half of milk. Beat upward with a broad ladle for a minute, and stir in swiftly the whipped whites of the eggs. Turn into a buttered bake dish and bake, covered, for half an hour. Then brown quickly and serve before it falls.

It is very nice eaten with poultry of any kind.

I could easily multiply the recipes herewith given by ten and not exhaust the capabilities of the cereal that should not need my championship against the arrogant elevation of the tyrant potato.

Marion Harland

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

I AM much interested in the letter from the "Old-fashioned Grandmother," about the "Pacifier." As I am a young mother and agree with her, maybe I can help her out a wee bit. I am the mother who does not have to endure the regretful tears upon the dinner table of the child who cries, try to find out what ails it, and pacify it without running the risk of affecting its health unfavorably or injuring its temper.

If any mother thinks the "pacifier" good for her child, let her borrow a modern medical work from her family physician on the care and treatment of children, and read the chapter upon thumb-sucking.

She will never again give her baby "a pacifier," which is on the same order of evil. Unhappiness which may ease a child's disposition, and, indeed, his whole life, may lurk in the abominable "pacifier."

I speak to other mothers as one who feels with and for them.

A case to a certain evil!

Inform yourselves with regard to the truth of the case.

Don't laugh it out of court.

Don't take it for granted that "the pacifier may be a good thing."

It is my opinion, too much cannot be said against it. A YOUNG IOWA MOTHER.

Who certainly has the courage of her convictions!

I wish the women doctors among our readers and well-wishers would take up the matter under discussion.

If, as our young mother says, the "pacifier" is of the same order of evils as thumb-sucking, and her contention seems reasonable, there can be no question as to the mischief that may be doing all over the country by the blind nipple one sees protruding from baby lips in many a nursery.

I saw three well-dressed babies yesterday in one street car, each of whom had its lips pursed closely about the sham "pacifier."

Two of them were pulling strenuously upon it. Will our M.D.'s pronounce upon it?

Keeping Red Peppers

Kindly tell me how to prepare the common red peppers for winter use, so that they will be like the canned pimentos one buys in the markets.

Mrs. C. N. P. (South Bend, Ind.).

I do not think the pimento is very near akin to the garden variety of so-called "sweet" pepper that is becoming a frequent visitor to our tables.

At its youthful best, our pepper lacks the mildness of the pimento with which "pimolas" are filled and which is sold to us in cans.

I should much like to have the recipe for which you ask, having, of late years, returned to the oldtime canning methods we once thought were superseded forever by the canned goods put up by contract.

Has any housemother any more definite knowledge on the subject than myself?

Vegetarian Diet Discussed

I happened today upon an old new paper which contained your Exchange. In it I found much mention upon vegetarianism. The subject is a pet hobby of mine. I live in Buffalo, N. Y., and asks readers to speak freely in reply.

May I do this from the same Good Book he quotes?

In Genesis, ix, 3, I read: "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things."

In Deuteronomy, xiv, 4, we have: "These are the beasts which ye shall eat—the ox, the sheep and the goat." The next verse goes on with the list: "The hart and the roebuck and the fallow deer, the pygarg, the wild ox and the chamois."

Acts, x, 12, has this sentence: "Wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth and wild beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air."

Thirteenth verse: "And there came a voice to him, 'Rise, Peter, kill and eat!'"

And in Romans the great apostle to the Gentiles writes:

"For one believeth that he may eat all things. Another, who is weak, eateth herbs."

Read the whole of the chapter—Romans xiv.

Here is the question: What God has told us to eat must be lawful and right for us to eat. Y. H. (South Dancver, Mass.).

Having published the first part of the discussion, it is but fair that the opposite side shall be heard. The two meet upon common ground, each claiming authority from one source.

I leave the decision to our readers at large.

Ice Cream Cone Queries

I am desirous of obtaining the recipe for making the crisp part of the ice cream "cone." Please tell me where it may be procured. WM. H. (Naperville Ill.).

Two other correspondents ask the same question.

Will some confectioner—amateur or professional—reply?

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST.

Grapefruit, hominy and cream, Philadelphia scrapple, popovers, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Cold roast beef (a left-over), stuffed potatoes, rice croquettes, fruit salad, pumpkin pie and cheese, tea.

DINNER.

Cream of celery soup, roast turkey, sweet potato puff, fried sausage, cranberry sauce, queen of puddings, black coffee.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST.

Baked apples and cream, fried bacon and hominy (a left-over), rolls, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Beef hash, browned (a left-over), stewed tomatoes, baked potatoes, gingerbread and apple sauce, cocoa.

DINNER.

Okra and tomato soup, yesterday's turkey, steamed spinach, baked macaroni, charlotte russe, black coffee.

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST.

Oranges, oatmeal porridge and cream, salt mackerel, cream, potato cake, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Curried turkey (a left-over), boiled rice and bananas, with the curry; baked tomato toast (a left-over), cake, home-made candied fruit, tea.

DINNER.

Turkey rack soup, corned beef, boiled; mashed turnips, spinach soufflé (a left-over), baked custards, black coffee.

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST.

Grapes, cereal and cream, bacon and fried sweet peppers, muffins, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Cold corned beef (a left-over), buttered rice (a left-over), stewed potatoes, banana fritters with liquid sauce, cocoa.

DINNER.

Bean soup (based upon liquor in which the beef was boiled), jambalaya (a left-over), string beans, stewed celery, cracker plum pudding with hard sauce, black coffee.

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST.

Oranges, cracked wheat and cream, omelet with cheese, graham muffins, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Mince of liver on toast (a left-over), baked sweet potatoes, lettuce and string bean salad, Swiss fritters with sauce, tea.

DINNER.

Bean and tomato soup, stuffed breast of veal, scalloped tomatoes, Brussels sprouts, cold slaw, potato custard pudding with sauce, black coffee.

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST.

Fruit, cereal and cream, corn cakes, fried smelts, corn bread, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Scalloped oysters, baked cream toast, quick biscuits, lettuce and egg salad, crackers and cheese, chocolate.

DINNER.

Browned potato soup, scallop of veal (a left-over), Brussels sprouts au gratin (a left-over), mashed sweet potatoes, mince pie, black coffee.

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST.

Oranges, rice boiled in milk, eaten with cream, bacon and eggs, muffins, brown toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Cold tongue, hashed and browned potatoes, oyster au gratin (a left-over), salad with mayonnaise dressing, crackers and Swiss cheese, cottage pudding and cream sauce, tea.

DINNER.

Vegetable soup, boiled mutton with caper sauce, macaroni with tomato and cheese sauce, mashed potatoes, apple tapioca pie, black coffee.

Baby Carriages, Go-Carts,

All-Win Rapid-Folding Go-Carts and Folders,

Refrigerators,

Tents, Wagon Covers and Awnings

Pictures and Mouldings,

Wall Paper, &c.

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TABER LANDS FOR SALE

Known as the C.Y. Ranch Lands

I will sell any of the following quarter or half-sections as stated below for the price of $12.50 per acre; $4.50 an acre cash, $1.50 per acre say January, 1909, and $1.00 per acre each year thereafter until paid for, with interest at 6% per annum:—

	Section	Township	Range	West of
West ½	19	11	17	4
West ½	20	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	19	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	20	11	17	4
South East ¼ ...	20	11	17	4
North West ¼ ...	21	11	17	4
South West ¼ ...	21	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	21	11	17	4
South East ¼ ...	19	11	17	4
South East ¼ ...	21	11	17	4
North West ¼ ...	16	11	17	4
East ½	18	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	16	11	17	4
South West ¼ ...	16	11	17	4
West ½	30	11	17	4
East ½	30	11	17	4
South East ¼ ...	7	11	17	4
South West ¼ ...	7	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	5	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	22	11	17	4
South West ¼ ...	22	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	7	11	17	4
North West ¼ ...	7	11	17	4
North ½	10	11	17	4

J. J. WHITE,

38, Northumberland Street,

GUELPH, ONT.

BASEBALL

Schedule of Games of the Crow's Nest Baseball League

Macleod at Taber	—June 13
Pincher Creek at Taber	—June 17
Pincher Creek at Lethbridge	—June 18
Lethbridge at Taber	—June 26
Macleod at Pincher Creek	—July 1
Taber at Macleod	—July 4
Macleod at Taber	—July 13
Pincher Creek at Lethbridge	—July 13
Macleod at Lethbridge	—July 14
Pincher Creek at Taber	—July 14
Taber at Macleod	—July 20
Lethbridge at Pincher Creek	—July 20
Lethbridge at Macleod	—July 21
Taber at Pincher Creek	—July 21
Lethbridge at Taber	—July 24
Macleod at Pincher Creek	—July 27
Pincher Creek at Macleod	—Aug. 5
Taber at Lethbridge	—Aug. 5

Church Services

Knox Church—Morning service at 11 a.m., followed by Sunday School and Bible Class. Evening service, 7.30. Wednesday Congregational Prayer Meeting, 8 p.m

St. Theodore Church—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.; Sunday School; 3 p.m.; Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m.

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—Sunday school at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p.m. Sunday evening service at 8 p.m.——Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m

NOTICE

Municipality of Taber

PUBLIC NOTICE IN HEREBY GIVEN to the Electors of the Municipality aforesaid that a Poll has been granted for the Election of Mayor now pending for such Municipality, and that such Poll will be open on MONDAY THE 15TH DAY OF JUNE, 1908, from the hour of Nine of the clock in the morning till Five of the clock in the afternoon at the Town Hall.

And that I will, at the said Town Hall on Monday the 15th day of June, 1908, at Six o'clock in the afternoon, sum up the votes and declare the result of the election.

Given under my hand at Taber this 9th day of June, 1908.

GEO. C. MILLAR,
17-1t Returning Officer.

Taber Free Press

Advertising Rates on Application
Subscription $1:50 yearly, in advance
W. A. M. Bellwood, editor and manager

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908

Rainfall in May

An Ideal Climate the Year Around

According to the reports of the meterological observer at Calgary the rainfall in May was not excessive. The Herald publishes the report for the years back as far as 1902, which is as follows:—

	Inches
1908	4.29
1907	1.04
1906	6.96
1905	1.68
1904	1.56
1903	3.97
1902	8.90

There are no records of the rainfall at Taber before last year, but we know from the meterological records kept here now that the rainfall for the month of May, 1908, was 4.30 inches, which is a little more than Calgary for the same month, and taking this as a basis, we presume the rainfall at Calgary and at Taber would be much the same in other years. Such being the case, if we consider this spring very wet we can readily see that there were other years much worse.

Southern Alberta cannot be said to be a dry country. True at certain times we have continued dry weather, but this takes place during harvest when the farmers are busy saving the grain and when the dry weather can be appreciated. For years past the time for seeding has been clear dry weather, giving the farmers every opportunity to properly prepare the seed-bed and plant his crops. By the time the seeding is over the rains come on, moistening old mother earth and causing the grain to grow very rapidly. Then, again, during the summer there is usually sufficient rain for the proper maturing of the crops.

We fail to see where man conld go that he would find a country with a more delightful climate, where rains come when needed and where it is dry when harvesting is on. Truly the Taber district is an ideal spot in this fair domain of ours.

Why Not Taber?

We have just received a notice from the Department of Education giving the dates and the places at which the Departmental Examinations for Teachers' Diplomas and University Matriculation will be held. This notice we publish in this issue.

It will be seen upon examination that several places are mentioned that are much smaller and of less importance than Taber. We think we are justified in asking, "Why not Taber"?

It is up to the School Board to look into this matter in the future and secure to the pupils of Taber and vicinity all the conveniences possible in the way of attending examinations.

Notes and Comments

What would we have done without our little sidewalk?

×

The population at the river may be truly said to be a floating population.

×

Lethbridge Herald.—Taber has a bunch of ball players that will take a whole lot of beating.

×

Dry farming addresses may be all right, but just now a few addresses on drainage would be in order.

×

If ten years is a sufficient sentence for thieves stealing $2,000,000, what should be the penalty for stealing $2? Apparently money tempers justice.

×

We can now see the effect of the rains on our principal streets. Are they going to receive attention or be left in worse condition than our country trails?

×

We understand that a cinder path is soon to be made from the station directly north towards the Taber Hotel. This would be a great convenience to the people in getting to the station in wet weather. The town should then lay the necessary crossing across Main Street. As it is now it is terribly inconvenient for all those living north of the track to reach the station.

×

Lethbridge has a progressive population. That the people believe in having up-to-date improvements is evidenced by the large majorities given to the by-laws to raise $79,000 for street grading and permanent sidewalks, $45,000 for fire hall and market, and $6,000 for waterworks extension. The people of Taber can well take a lesson from this and when the time comes to vote on the waterworks system endorse the system by a unanimous vote.

Passing Comments

(By GUY QUIBBLER)

Hurrah! election on Monday. But was it worth while to put people to all this worry, etc., for such a short term? Or are we fishing, like our illustrious name-sake, in new waters for experimental purposes?

Wasn't that a hot one last week about the back-yards, etc.? Let's all get busy and each have a wallop at his own. Then we all will be in a position to criticize his neighbor.

How about that band that is to be organized? It is on the boards that it will be asked to render "See The Conquering Hero Comes" at no distant date. How would "I Don't Know Where I'm Goin', But I'm On Ma Way" do instead? And the "Dead March," pitched for A flat (very flat), held in reserve for probable eventualities.

Petty theiving is going on, eh? Nothing meaner than a sneak, is there?

Good boys! Root for the fire brigade. Let's hear more about it.

The good old Missisippi
Is a by-word for it's mud—
For the matter called alluvial
That's suspended in its flood.
And the dwellers by that streamlet
They're full of "ague-cake,"
And, just to keep things moving,
Lots of "kwi-nine" they must take.
But those of us in Taber
Who tank up from the Tank
When the Belly River rises
And over-flows each bank,
And from each little "quarter"
Licks up the luscious loam,
And shoots it through the pump-house
So we can get it home.
It wouldn't do for us, I say,
To tinker with quinine,
For I saw them clean that Tank out,
So from me you take a line.
When the Belly River water
With it's mud has clogged your chutes,
To clean 'em take a "Jerry"
In a pair of rubber boots.

To the Electors of
The Town of Taber

In submitting my name for your consideration at the Mayoralty Election to be held on Monday next and soliciting the support of the electors, I do so with the utmost confidence, feeling that my past record in the Council and the position I have taken on any public questions that have come before the Council would warrant the support which I hope to receive.

I have entered into this contest at the request of a large and influential number of the citizens of Taber, and consented to be a candidate with some reluctance and diffidence, knowing that if elected I would require to devote a considerable portion of my time to the performance of the many important duties that necessarily devolve upon the occupant of the Mayor's Chair.

I felt, however, that if it were in my power to render any assitance in the progress and development of the town it was my duty to do so by taking an active part in the administration of its municipal affairs.

Thanking you for your support in the past, and earnestly soliciting a renewal of your confidence,

I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

W. W. DOUGLAS.

News in Brief

The World's News Boiled Down for Busy Readers

J. J. Hill has donated $25,000 to Wesley College, Grand Forks, N.D.

—o—

Fire did about $8,000 damage to the furniture department of the Cranbrook Co-operative Stores.

—o—

The jury at Fernie found Pat Mullin guilty of manslaughter for killing Angelo Elilands. He wa sentenced to 20 years.

—o—

The thirteen months' old baby of Mrs. Houle of Montreal died at her breast. The baby choked while feeding and was suffocated.

—o—

The Hillcrest coal mine was closed down owing to a bridge at the spur running from Belleyue being impassable on account of the floods.

—o—

The Liberals in Ontario will not do much harm during the next four years. The elections of Monday went overwhelmingly Conservative. Quebec remains Liberal but with a reduced majority.

—o—

J. A. Anderson, the Renfrew bigamist, formerly public school principal at Ottawa and latterly inspector of schools at Brockville, was sentenced to seven years in the Kingston Penitentiary for bigamy.

Two Million Dollars Stolen from Bank

Henry Rieber and John Young of Farmers Institution at Pittsburg Sent to Penitentiary

Pittsburg, June 9th.—Henry Rieber, former paying teller of the Farmers' Deposit National Bank, and John Young, the former auditor, who looted that institution of almost $2,000,000, were each sentenced to serve ten years in the Western Penitentiary by Judge Young in the United States Court yesterday afternoon.

It was the first time that the looters appeared before the court except when they pleaded guilty, and many startling facts were brought out regarding the greatest bank robbery of which there is any record. According to statements made before the court by the two men and their attorneys every penny of the immense fortune they stole was taken in actual cash, commencing with amounts as low as $500 and ranging to $50,000 as they became bolder and more experienced. The bank charges them with taking $1,500,000, but it is admitted that the sum is close to $2,000,000. Of this vast sum the bank secured back only $2,000 and a great stack of stocks of various kinds which is not worth the paper it is printed on.

LAND ON CROP PAYMENTS

Any Worker Can Easily Get a Farm

I have Ten Quarter Sections of good Land in the South part of Township 8, Range 14, which I will sell on CROP PAYMENT PLAN as follows:—

PRICE, $10.00 PER ACRE

Terms, $1.00 per acre cash; the balance of purchase price and 6% interest to come from crops raised on lands. I require 40 acres on each quarter to be broken and put under cultivation by purchaser each year. One half of crop to be applied on payment of land until land is paid for. If you are willing to work this is your opportunity. Address:

E. L. CAMP,
515 Guaranty Building,
Minneapolis, Minn.,
or
GEO. C. MILLAR,
16-4t Taber, Alta.

Dry Farming Addresses

ADDRESSES on the principles underlying Farming Under Semi-arid Conditions, explaining particularly what is known as "Dry Farming," will be given under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture and the local Agricultural Societies, as follows:—

PLACES:

JUNE 15TH—MEDICINE HAT
" 16TH—CARDSTON
" 17TH—MAGRATH
" 18TH—RAYMOND
" 19TH—LETHBRIDGE
" 20TH—PINCHER CREEK
" 22ND—MACLEOD
" 23RD—CLARESHOLM
" 24TH—NANTON
" 25TH—HIGH RIVER
" 26TH—GLEICHEN
" 27TH—DIDSBURY

All Meetings will be held at 2 P.M.

SPEAKERS:

PROF. H. W. CAMPBELL, Lincoln, Nebr.
Subject: "Scientific Soil Culture and What it Means to the Great West."

Other well-known Speakers will be present at each meeting and speak on kindred topics.

Prof. Campbell is the Famous Dry Farming Expert of Nebraska and Colorado, whose system of cultivating the land has revolutionized the semi-arid districts of the United States.

Every farmer should make a special effort to hear him.

GEO. HARCOURT,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture
Edmonton, June 1st, 1908. 16-3t

26488

TAKE THE LOAD OFF YOUR MIND

about the lumber you are thinking of buying. Come right here and your lumber troubles will be ended.

WE SELL ALL KINDS OF LUMBER

except the no-good kind. We prefer to have your good than your ill will. So we furnish lumber that will accomplish that result.

Rogers-Cunningham Lumber Co., Ltd.

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CONTRACTOR, BUILDER.

All work guaranteed in every way Estimates given on all classes of buildings

For Acre Building Lots and a limited amount of Farm Land on the

Johnson Addition,

near the Canada West Coal Co.'s Mine, Taber,

SEE

AARON JOHNSON

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EASY TERMS

THOS. IRVINE

GENERAL MERCHANT

Fresh, clean stock of groceries and dry goods always on hand

MINOT, ALBERTA.

Canada West Coal & Coke Co., Ltd

Best Coal on the market

and a good steam producer for Stationary Boilers

Taber, Alberta

Taber Meat Market

Fresh and salt meats of all kinds
Fish in season, butter, lard and fresh sausage, lamb and mutton

J. B. Jett & Co

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

Attention

Call on us when in need of Doors, Windows and Sashes and all Kinds of Mill Work. Mail orders will have our prompt attention

The Medicine Hat Lumber & Manufacturing Co.
Medicine Hat

Victor Records Exchanged FREE

Worn-out or broken Victor Records may be exchanged Free.

You RETURN One Record
You PAY for Two Records
You GET Three New Records

Only Victor Records exchanged

WESTLAKE'S
JEWELRY & STATIONERY STORE

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908

Taber Breezes

Many cellars have been flooded.

Ice Cream at the Taber Bakery.

The bright sunny days are again welcome.

J. Carroll was at Lethbridge on Saturday.

A valuable piano for sale, cheap. Application is to be made to Mrs. John Truswell, Taber. 15-3t

For sale, 50 good laying hens, one mile west of Woodpecker. P. O. address: Lawrence Peterson, Taber. 17-2tp

The Soo-Spokane flyer has been cancelled until the damage to the track and bridges along the line caused by the floods are repaired.

The rains have revealed the defects in the roofs of many buildings. Several of the merchants have had an interesting time taking care of their goods.

E. Venville was up from Grassy Lake Monday. He reports business in that town as very good. For the short time he has been away he notes many improvements in Taber.

Owing to the interrupted traffic on the railway fewer trains have been running on the Crow for the past week, but this will soon be rectified and the regular system inaugurated again.

The heavy rains so soaked the ground that the bank under the foundation wall on the south side of the English Church caved in, precipitating part of the wall into the basement.

E. S. Bowden is not going to trust to B.C. cedar shingles any longer. He now has R. D. Shiells, the tinner, putting on an iron roof that will be waterproof. Mr. Bowden wants no more aquatic sport

The biggest sporting event in the history of Southern Alberta; professional starter and judges; the new electric starting gate; over 125 horses will take part at Lethbridge races on June 16th and 17th.

Parties owning land in the Taber district and wishing to sell should list their properties with us. We have applications coming in all the time for good lands.—Bucknam and Henderson, Box 317, Taber, Alta. 15-4tp

Edras J. Gardiner was on Monday arraigned before Judge Winter on the charge of defacing brands and stealing cattle. He was given time to secure legal advice as to which court he would be tried by.—Lethbridge Herald.

B. W. Wright has purchased the building and lot opposite the Alberta Drug and Stationery Store and will, as soon as he can put it in shape, move in. Messrs. Wildman and McAllister are busy fitting it up now and in a few days hope to have it completed.

Mr. Bowden of Cardston, who has been visiting his brother, E. S. Bowden, had his visit somewhat prolonged on account of the rains with the resultant tie-up to traffic on the railway. We understand the house his family resided in near Cardston was reached by the flood, and that his wife and child were taken from the house on horseback, the water having risen three feet. Mr. Bowden felt very uneasy until he learned that his family were safe. He left for Cardston Monday.

J. F. Glaysher was a Taber visitor to Lethbridge Monday.

J. C. Geiger of Lethbridge paid Taber a visit Tuesday.

Wm. Randall was a Lethbridge visitor to town Monday.

W. B. Woodman of Riga, N.D., left for his home Monday.

J. H. Soans and J. S. Jordan of Medicine Hat were in town this week.

Mr. James Pierson left last week for Plymouth, Utah, on a visit to his mother.

C. J. Kinney of Maxwell, N.D., and W. D. Marquart of Granville, N.D., were in town last week on business.

The steam and gasolene plowing outfit have been laid up for a few days as the ground was too soft for the engines.

D. McMillan of Omemee, N.D., was here this week. He has invested in considerable land on the C.Y. Ranch.

S. B. Mitchell has been somewhat under the weather for the past week. Mr. Wade of Medicine Hat is doing the work of day operator till Mr. Mitchell's recovery.

W. P. Roy of McKenzie & Roy, Lethbridge, was here Tuesday putting up an electric sign on the Palace Hotel. The sign looks well and can be seen easily from the station.

Margaret, the little four year old daughter of Mr. McFadzen, died Thursday night last. The little girl had been suffering from scarlet fever. The funeral took place on Friday.

Mr. Whitehouse was down from Lethbridge Monday. He reports work on the bridge across the river at a standstill on account of the flood. A large amount of the material has been swept away.

S. D. Reynolds of the Scranton Coal Mines Co., after spending a few days at Spokane, returned Monday. He had to come by way of Calgary and Medicine Hat on account of washouts along the railway.

Over 225 horses, representing the best stables of Oregon and California, together with many local horses, will take part in the races at Lethbridge on June 16th and 17th. Special rates on all railroads.

The ferry broke away Saturday morning and went down the river. This will cause a great amount of inconvenience to the settlers out north. Everything will be put in shape again as quickly as possible.

Among those who went to Lethbridge Tuesday to witness the baseball game were Messrs. H. McDonald, J. Carroll, H. F. Annable, Wm. Valgardson, Robt. Walker and Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. John Shirts.

A. P. Veale was down from Coaldale Monday and Tuesday. He and his partner, Mr. Depew, have completed the dwelling for Mr. H. A. Suggitt. This house is fitted up with all modern conveniences, including furnace, bath, hot and cold water, etc.

Mr. Olof. A. Nelson of Chicago arrived here Thursday night last. He bought a large tract of land a few miles south of the station and purposes having a steam plowing outfit working right away. He will break his whole farm and sow it with fall wheat. We wish you success, Mr. Nelson.

Mr. R. J. Fleming of North Dakota sold blocks of land to R. Pellant, B. J. Pellant and E. L. Edwards of Oakwood, N.D. We understand they will have their lands broken this summer and put into crop. These gentlemen are all good, practical, prosperous farmers in Dakota and they are delighted with the land at Taber.

Rev. W. G. W. Fortune of Red Deer, Field Secretary of the Alberta Temperance and Moral Reform League, preached both morning and evening in Knox Church, and in the afternoon he gave an address on the work of the League. All his discourses were interesting and instructive. He is a most convincing speaker and must wield a powerful influence in the interests of temperance. We understand he will visit Taber later to organize a local league.

J. S. Perry of Duluth spent a few days here this week.

E. S. Bowden was down at Grassy Lake Tuesday on business.

J. W. Hill is building a new stable on his lot opposite the Taber Bakery.

Bicycle for sale, cheap; also a good guitar, practically new. Apply at Free Press Office. 17-3t

The heavy rains of last week caused the Belly River to rise fully fifteen feet. All the houses on the flat were flooded, some completely under water and others washed away. D. J. McMillan lost his ice-house and ice. The ferry broke away and much of the bridge material went down stream. Now that the water is going down, what material there is left is being taken care of. It is thought the loss will be found to be much less than at first anticipated.

Taber Defeats Lethbridge

The Taber boys went to Lethbridge Tuesday and met the team of that town for the first time this season. The game throughout was practically free from errors, and it is said it was the best game ever played in Lethbridge. The Taber boys went to win and win they did. In the third innings Taber placed two runs to their credit and again in the fifth added two more. Lethbridge managed to find the plate once in the third innings, and had it not been for a wild throw in the last innings the score would have been 4 to 1 in favor of Taber, but as it was Lethbridge scored two runs in the ninth, consequently the game closed with Taber the winners by 4 to 3. E. Humphries acted as umpire.

The following composed the team:

TABER	LETHBRIDGE
Stokes, p	Houk, 3b
Wing, lf	Pulley, cf
R. Lee, 1b	Brandow, c
Lessard, rf	Nicholson, 1b
A. Lee, c	Gallivan, lf
Johnson, 3b	Barber, ss
Edwards, 2b	Clark, p
Walker, ss	Robinson, 2b
Barton, lf	Kenny, rf

Homestead Cultivation Duties

The Latest Regulations and Departmental Rulings

1. The practice of the Department has been to require a settler residing on his homestead to bring a total of at least fifteen acres of the same under cultivation.

A settler performing his residence duties by living in the vicinity of his homestead, either with parents or on land owned by him, must bring a total of at least thirty acres under cultivation.

A reasonable proportion of the cultivation must in all cases be done in each year.

All entries made previous to the date hereof (1st June, 1908) are governed by the above practice.

2. The following change in the regulations respecting cultivation duties applies to all homestead entries made on and after the date hereof (1st June, 1908):—

A homesteader who resides on his homestead is required to break a total of at least thirty acres of the homestead (of which twenty must be cropped) before applying for patent. A reasonable proportion of the cultivation duties must be done during each year.

When the duties are being performed under the regulations permitting residence in vicinity, the total required to be broken will be at least fifty acres (of which thirty must be cropped).

In the case of homesteads difficult to break by reason of scrub the area of cultivation required may be decreased at the discretion of the Department in accordance with the character of the land.

Matters Municipal

Last Monday nominations were received to fill the vacancies of mayor and councillor caused by the resignations of Mayor Truswell and Councillor Douglas.

A. L. Wood was the only nomination for councillor, consequently he was elected by acclamation—a good man in the right place.

W. W. Douglas, who resigned his seat on the council to run for that of mayor, was nominated and until the time was nearly up it was thought he would be elected by acclamation, when unexpectedly J. J. Walton was nominated. The secretary-treasurer, G. C. Millar, announced the result of the election of the nominations and stated that for mayor would be held on Monday, June 15th.

There are two good men up for mayor. It is up to the people to say which they want to represent them. The affairs of the town require to be handled by shrewd men, experienced in business and well informed in all matters pertaining to municipal government. The mayor especially should possess these qualifications in a marked degree.

As the ratepayers have the say as to whom they want we are content to await the result.

Macleod baseball team will play the Taber nine here on Saturday. Turn out and cheer the boys to boys to victory.

COURTING DEATH.

The Work of the Mounted Police of Canada in the Northwest.

The Northwest policeman's first duty is to die if that should be necessary. He is not allowed to shoot a desperado, go up, sit on his carcass, roll a cigarette and then read the warrant. He must not shoot. At all events he must not shoot first, which is often fatal, for if there is a time when delay is dangerous it is when you are covering an outlaw, writes Cy Warman in the Sunday Magazine.

Numbers of the force have been known to ride or walk into the very mouth of a cocked .45 Colt and never flinch. In about ninety-eight cases out of every hundred the man behind the gun weakened. In the other two cases he extended his lease of life, but made his going doubly sure. When a mounted policeman falls, the open space he leaves is immediately closed, for back of him stands the Dominion government and back of that the British empire. So the desperado who thinks he can kill and get away has a hard time. If the police chase him out of the Dominion back to the islands, he is likely to fetch up at Scotland Yard. If his native village lies south of the forty-ninth, the Pinkertons take up his trail, and when all these forces are after a man his days are gilding swiftly by.

"Next!"

"I was counsel for a railway company in the west," says a prominent New York lawyer, "in whose employ a section hand had been killed by an express train. His widow, of course, sued for damages. The principal witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the entire train had passed over his departed friend.

"'You admit that the whistle blew?' I sternly demanded of the witness.

"'Oh, yes; it blew.'

"'Now,' I added impressively, 'if that whistle sounded in time to give Morgan warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?'

"'I suppose so,' said the witness.

"'Very well. Now, for what earthly purpose would the engineer blow his whistle after the man had been struck?'

"'I presume,' replied the witness, with great deliberation, 'that the whistle was for the next man on the track.'"

Summary Conversion.

Hawaiians all became Christians through the simple process of an edict—kapoo—of one of the sturdy old Kamehamehas. The worthy king, observing that it was easier to kill an enemy with a rifle than with a club and that the rifle was the invention of the Christians, took a short cut through the theological mazes of the missionaries who were trying to convert his subjects and announced that all Hawaiians were from that moment Christians. As he added that he would knock on the head any who objected the thing was done as fast as his couriers could deliver his message to his loving subjects.

What He Had Done.

Tactful and delicate even for a Frenchman was the reply made by a Parisian who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all which one could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his steamer chair when his neighbor cheerily asked:

"Have you breakfasted, monsieur?"

"No, m'sieur," answered the Frenchman, with a wan smile; "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Weekly Free Press AND PRAIRIE FARMER, WINNIPEG
Family Herald AND WEEKLY STAR, MONTREAL
Taber Free Press

THESE THREE - $2.50
REGULAR PRICE $3.50

An Offer which Meets the Special Wants of All Classes of Readers

The Western Canadian reading public is made up chiefly of these classes:—Persons who have lived in the West for a lengthy period and are out-and-out Westerners, and recent arrivals from the Old Country, from the United States, and from Eastern Canada.

Perhaps no one newspaper could cater with complete satisfaction to all these classes, but by this combination offer every special need is met.

The Weekly Press and Prairie Farmer gives a complete record week by week of all happenings in the Western Provinces. In addition it has special departments for American and British settlers. The Family Herald and Weekly Star supplies the former resident of Eastern Canada with the news of the Eastern portion of the Dominion in detailed form, and the Taber Free Press provides the local Western news, which you cannot do without.

.....190

TABER FREE PRESS:

Find enclosed **$2.30,** for which send me Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg; Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal; and Taber Free Press, for one year each.

.....

.....

The Blue Front Store

For Up-to-Date

LADIES' FANCY WEAR, MEN'S AND BOYS' FINE CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, Etc.

Call and Inspect our New Stock

For business lots and residental lots in the water belt.

SEE
W. W. Douglas

Prices and terms to suit everybody.

Money to loan to assist in improving these properties.

Enterprise Lumber Co.

Building Material of Every Kind
Massey-Harris Farm Machinery
Agent, J. Barton

A Rock In The Baltic.

By ROBERT BARR,

Author of "The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont," "Tekla," "In the Midst of Alarms," "Speculations of John Steele," "The Victors," Etc.

Copyright, 1900, by Robert Barr. By Arrangement with The Authors and Newspapers Association of New York.

(Continued)

Next morning's mail brought Dorothy a bulky letter decorated with English stamps. She locked the door, tore open the envelope and found many sheets of thin paper bearing the heading of the Bluewater club, Pall Mall.

"I am reminded of an old adage," she read, "to the effect that one should never cross a bridge before arriving at it. Since I bade goodby to you up to this very evening I have been plodding over a bridge that didn't exist, much to my own discomfort. You were with me when I received the message ordering me home to England, and I don't know whether or not I succeeded in suppressing all signs of my own perturbation, but we have in the navy now a man who does not hesitate to overturn a court martial, and so I feared a reopening of the Rock in the Baltic question, which might have meant the wrecking of my career. I had quite made up my mind, if the worst came to the worst, to go out west and become a cowboy, but a passenger with whom I became acquainted on the Enthusiana informed me, to my regret, that the cowboy is largely a being of the past, to be met with only in the writings of Stewart Edward White, Owen Wister and several other famous men whom he named. So you see I went across the ocean tolerably depressed, finding my present occupation threatened and my future uncertain.

"When I arrived in London, I took a room at this club, of which I have been a member for some years, and reported immediately at the admiralty. But there, in spite of all diligence on my part, I was quite unable to learn what was wanted of me. Of course I could have gone to my uncle, who is in the government, and perhaps he might have enlightened me, although he has nothing to do with the navy, but I rather like to avoid Uncle Metgurne. He brought me up since I was a small boy and seems unnecessarily ashamed of the result. It is his son who is the attache in St. Petersburg that I spoke to you about."

Dorothy ceased reading for a moment.

"Metgurne, Metgurne," she said to herself. "Surely I know that name."

She laid down the letter, pressed the electric button and unlocked the door. When the servant came, she said:

"Will you ask at the office if they have any biographical book of reference relating to Great Britain and, if so, please bring it to me?"

The servant appeared shortly after with a red book which proved to be an English "Who's Who" dated two years back. Turning the pages, she came to Metgurne.

"Metgurne, twelfth Duke of, created 1631, Herbert George Alan." Here followed a number of other titles, the information that the son and heir was Marquis of Thaxted and belonged to the diplomatic service; that Lord Metgurne was H. M. secretary of state for royal dependencies; finally a list of residences and clubs. She put down the book and resumed the letter.

"I think I ought to have told you that when I reach St. Petersburg I shall be as anxious to avoid my cousin Thaxted as I am to steer clear of his father in London. So I sat in my club and read the papers. Dear me, this is evidently going to be a very long letter. I hope you won't mind. I think perhaps you may be interested in learning how they do things over here.

"After two or three days of anxious waiting there came a crushing communication from the admiralty which confirmed my worst fears and set me at crossing the bridge again. I was ordered to report next morning at 11 at committee room 5 in the admiralty and bring with me full particulars pertaining to the firing of gun number so-and-so of the Consternation's equipment on such a date. I wonder since that I did not take to drink. We have every facility for that sort of thing in this club.

"However, at 11 next day I presented myself at the committee room and found in session the grimmest looking five men I have ever yet been called upon to face. Collectively they were about ten times worse in appearance than the courtmartial I had previously encountered. Four of the men I did not know, but the fifth I recognized at once, having often seen his portrait. He is Admiral Sir John Pendergest, popularly known in the service as 'Old Grouch,' a blue terror who knows absolutely nothing of mercy. The lads in the service say he looks so disagreeable because he is sorry he was not born a hanging judge. Picture a face as cleanly cut as that of some severe old Roman senator, a face as hard as marble, quite as cold and nearly as white, rescued from the appearance of a death mask by a pair of piercing eyes that glitter like steel. When looking at him it is quite impossible to believe that such a personage has ever been a boy who played pranks on his masters. Indeed, Admiral Sir John Pendergest seems to have sprung, fully uniformed and forbidding, from the earth, like those soldiers of mythology. I was so taken aback at confronting such a man that I never noticed my old friend, Billy Richardson, seated at the table as one of the minor officials of the committee. Billy tells me I looked rather white about the lips when I realized what was ahead of me, and I dare say he was right. My consolation is that I didn't get red, as is my disconcerting habit. I was accommodated with a chair, and then a fiercely faced little man began asking me questions, committing every now and then a foolscap sheet of paper which was before him. Others were ready to note down the answers.

"'When did you fire the new gun from the Consternation in the Baltic?'

"'Dear Miss Amhurst, I have confessed to you that I am not brilliant, and, indeed, such confession was quite unnecessary, for you must speedily have recognized the fact, but here let me boast for a line or two of my one accomplishment, which is mathematical accuracy. When I make experiments I don't note the result by rule of thumb. My answer to the ferret faced man was prompt and complete.

"'At twenty-three minutes, seventeen seconds past 10 a. m., on May the 3rd of last year,' was my reply.

"The five high officials remained perfectly impassive, but the two stenographers seemed somewhat taken by surprise, and one of them whispered, 'Did you say fifteen seconds, sir?'

"'No said seventeen,' growled Sir John Pendergest in a voice that seemed to come out of a sepulcher.

"'Who sighted the gun?'

"'I did, sir.'

"'Why did not the regular gunner do that?'

"'He did, sir, but I also took observations and raised the muzzle .000327 of an inch.'

"'Was your gunner inaccurate, then, to that extent?'

"'No, sir; but I had weighed the ammunition and found it short by two ounces and thirty-seven grains.'

"I must not bore you with all the questions and answers. I merely give these as samples. They questioned me about the recoil, the action of the gun, the state of this, that and the other after firing, and luckily I was able to answer to a dot every query put to me. At the finish one of the judges asked me to give in my own words my opinion of the gun. Admiral Sir John glared at him as he put this question, for of course to any expert the answers I had furnished, all taken together, gave an accurate verdict on the gun, assuming my statements to have been correct, which I maintained they were. However, as Sir John made no verbal comment I offered my opinion as tersely as I could.

"'Thank you, Lieutenant Drummond,' rumbled Sir John in his deep voice, as if he were pronouncing sentence, and, my testimony completed, the committee rose.

"I was out in the street before Billy Richardson overtook me, and then he called himself to my attention by a resounding slap on the shoulder.

"'Alan, my boy,' he cried, 'you have done yourself proud. Your fortune's made.'

"'As how?' I asked, shaking him by the hand.

"'Why, we've been for weeks holding an inquiry on this business, and the question is whether or not a lot more of them are to be made. You know what an opinionated beast Old Grouch is. Well, my boy, you have corroborated his opinion of the gun in every detail. He is such a brow beating, tyrannical brute that the rest of the committee would rather like to go against him if they dared, but you have put a spoke in their wheel. Why, Sir John never said "thank you" to a human being since he was born until twenty-seven minutes and fifteen seconds after 11 this morning, as you would put it,' and at the time of writing this letter this surmise of Billy's appears to be justified, for the tape in the club just now announced that the committee has unanimously decided in favor of the gun, and adds that this is regarded as a triumph for the chairman, Admiral Sir John Pendergest, with various letters after his name.

"Dear Miss Amhurst, this letter, as I feared, has turned out intolerably long, and, like our first conversation, it is all about myself. But then, you see, you are the only one on the other side of the water to whom I have confided my selfish worries, and I believe you to be so kind hearted that I am sure you will not censure me for this once exceeding the limits of friendly correspondence. Having been deeply depressed during all the previous long days, the sudden reaction urges me to go out into Pall Mall, fling my cap in the air and whoop, which action is quite evidently a remnant of my former cowboy aspirations. Truth to tell, the Russian business seems already forgotten except by my stout old captain on the Consternation or my uncle. The strenuous Sir John has had me hauled over the coals merely for give testimony, lasting about thirty-five minutes, when, with a little patience, he might have waited till the Consternation herself arrived or else have cabled for us to try the gun at Bar Harbor. I suppose, however, that after my unfortunate contretemps with Russia our government was afraid I'd chip a corner off the United States and that they'd have to pay for it. So perhaps, after all, it was greater economy to bring me across on the liner Enthusiana.'

"By the way, I learned yesterday that the Consternation has been ordered home, and so I expect to see Jack Lamont before many days are past. The ship will be paid off at Portsmouth, and then I suppose he and I will have our freedom for six months. I am rather looking forward to Jack's cooking me some weird but tasteful Russian dishes when we reach his blacksmith's shop in St. Petersburg. If I get on in Russia, as I hope and expect, I shall spend the rest of my leave over in the States. I saw very little indeed of that great country and am extremely anxious to see more. When one is on duty aboard ship one can only take very short excursions ashore. I should like to visit Niagara. It seems ridiculous that one should have been all along the American coast from Canada to New York and never have got far enough inland to view the great falls.

"Russia is rather dilatory in her methods, but I surely should know within two or three weeks whether I am going to succeed or not. If not, then there is no use in waiting there. I shall try to persuade the prince to accompany me to America. During the weeks I am waiting in St. Petersburg I shall continually impress upon him the utter futility of a life which has not investigated the great electrical power plant at Niagara Falls. And then he is interested in the educational system of the United States. While we were going to the station early that morning he told me that the United States educational system must be the most wonderful in the world, because he found that your friend, Miss Katherine Kempt, knew more about electricity, metallurgy, natural philosophy and a great number of other things he is interested in than all the ladies he has met in Europe put together. He thinks that's the right sort of education for girls, and all this rather astonished me, because, although your friend was most charming, she said nothing during my very short acquaintance with her to lead me to suspect that she had received a scientific training.

"Dear Miss Amhurst, I am looking every day for a letter from you, but none has yet been received by the admiralty, who when they get one will forward it to whatever part of the world I happen to be in."

(To be Continued.)

DIDN'T DREAD DEATH.

Volunteers For the Gallows In Place of Those Condemned.

On more than one occasion volunteers for the scaffold have offered themselves to take the place of the condemned.

Thus on the eve of the execution of Dr. Dodd, famous as the author of "The Beauties of Shakespeare," a man presented himself at Newgate and asked to be permitted to suffer in his stead. His request was deemed so extraordinary that he was taken in charge as a lunatic. But he was able to convince the magistrate, before whom he was brought the next day, of his sanity and so was discharged. All he asked as the price of his self sacrifice was £200, to be settled on his mother.

In another instance, which happened only a few years ago, a man who said he suffered from an incurable disease wrote to the home secretary offering himself as a substitute for a certain eminent scholar who had murdered his wife in a fit of passion. He asked neither fee nor reward, being, as he explained, tired of his life.

Then, too, there was the case of Eliza Fenning, which created so much pity that five persons came forward and volunteered to suffer in her stead. Of course no notice was taken of their requests, the culprit, a pretty young girl, being executed in due course.—London Chronicle.

VENEERING.

It Is Produced by Two Methods, Sawing and Slicing.

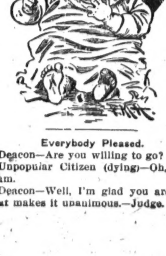
"There are two kinds of veneering—sawed and sliced—but it takes an expert to tell the difference," says a manufacturer. "The process of manufacture is simple and interesting. The logs, delivered at the factory in the rough, about thirteen feet in length, are first cooked in hot water vats to make them soft and workable.

"It does not matter how green they are. After being thoroughly cooked they are placed on machines designed for the purpose and either sliced by a powerful knife the length of the log or cut by a circular saw into slabs about one-twentieth of an inch thick.

"These slabs are the full length of the log and when first cut are so pliable that they can be bent double without breaking. The uniform thickness or thinness of the slabs is preserved by the action of the machinery and does not vary so much as a hair's breadth in the entire length of the slab.

"After the slabs are sliced or sawed they are seasoned by steaming. This requires only about twenty-four hours, and then they are ready for the market. Some of the huge oak logs that come to the factory show by the rings in them that the trees were from 250 to 400 years old."

"Open All Night."



Everybody Pleased.

Deacon—Are you willing to go?

Uppopular Citizen (dying)—Oh, yes; I am.

Deacon—Well, I'm glad you are, for that makes it unanimous.—Judge.

LORD CROMER ON GORDON.

Man Who Ruled Egypt Criticizes Hero of Khartoum.

Lord Cromer has some very striking things to say about General Gordon in his handbook on Egypt.

"No one who has read General Gordon's 'Journals,' with their extraordinary attacks on all the officials in Egypt, especially Nubar, Cromer and Sir Evelyn Baring as he then was—can have avoided wondering what Lord Cromer thought of 'Gordon,' writes The London Daily Chronicle. "Mr. Gladstone as we all know, was once asked the question, and refused to be drawn. All he would say was that General Gordon was a 'hero of heroes.' So he undoubtedly was. But heroes are often 'kittle cattle to deal with'; and General Gordon seems to have been no exception. Lord Cromer does every credit to the loftiness of Gordon's motives, and the heroism of his death. But he reveals by the process of simple narrative the difficulty he experienced in dealing with a man who changed his mind several times a day, and recorded every change in successive telegrams."

Lord Cromer goes in detail the changes of mind to which Gordon was liable, and thereby justifies his own opinion that the General was not a suitable agent for the Government purpose. Yet no one better appreciated than Lord Cromer the heroism of the man whose kaleidoscope changes of plan caused him so much embarrassment.

"In the course of this narrative," writes Lord Cromer, "I have alluded to General Gordon's unfortunate inconsistencies. I have pointed out errors of judgment and with which he may justly be charged. I have dwelt on defects of character which unsuited him for the conduct of political affairs. But when all this has been said, how grandly the character of the man comes out in the final scene of the Soudan tragedy. History has recorded few incidents more calculated to strike the imagination than that presented by this brave man, who, strong in the faith which sustained him, stood undismayed amidst dangers which might well have appalled the stoutest heart. Hordes of savage fanatics surged around him. Shot and shell poured into the town which he was defending against fearful odds.

"Starvation stared him in the face. The soldiers had to eat dogs, donkeys, skins of animals, gum, and palm fibre, and famine prevailed. The soldiers stood on the fortifications like pieces of wood. The civilians were even worse off. Many died of hunger, and corpses filled the streets—no one had even the energy to bury them.

"Treachery and internal dissension threatened him from within, whilst a waste of burning African desert separated him from the outer help which his countrymen, albeit tardily, were straining every nerve to afford," continues Lord Cromer. "All the anxiety he had undergone was gradually turned his hair to silvery white. 'Yet,' said an eye-witness, 'in spite of all this danger by which he was surrounded, Gordon's face was calm as ever.' 'Go,' he said, 'tell all the people in Khartoum that Gordon fears nothing for God has created him without fear.' Nor was this an empty boast. General Gordon did not know what the word fear meant. Death had no terrors for him. 'I would,' he wrote to his sister, 'that all could look on death as a cheerful friend who takes us from a world of trial to our true home.'

"Many a man before General Gordon has laid down his life at the call of duty. Many a man, too, has striven to regard death as a glad relief from pain, sorrow and suffering. But no soldier about to lead a forlorn hope, no Christian martyr about to be burnt or thrown to the wild beasts of Ancient Rome, ever faced death with more unconcern than General Gordon. His faith was great, but it was by this faith he could meet the savage who plunged a spear into his breast with a 'gesture of scorn,' and with the sure and certain hope of immortality which had been promised to him by the Master in whose footsteps he had endeavored to follow.

"General Gordon died nobly, but, by 'his own admission,' he disobeyed his instructions. 'Like Lord Lawrence,' he wrote to his sister, 'I have tried to do my duty, but where is the duty?'" asks The Chronicle. "Is it compatible with disobedience to written instructions? Lord Cromer thinks not."

Labor In Australia.

"Australia could support a population of fifty millions, but she wants that population to be white," was the remark of Mr. William Watson, of Sydney, recently at Montreal.

"Australia," said Mr. Watson, "was well called the paradise of the workingman—eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep. That was the condition. Holidays at pleasure; everything stopped for a horse race—idyllic condition, from the workingman's point of view.

"But the country suffered. The workingman did not want anybody else to poach upon his preserves. He passed laws—he obtained the supreme political power for years, preventing immigration into the country from any quarter. Of course, he always was strong against Asiatic labor, and even hedged about Kanaka labor so strictly that it was almost impossible to work the sugar plantations, which promised to become a great and profitable industry.

"The other elements, alarmed at the power of labor, and the restrictions which it sought to place upon development, combined, and labor was defeated at the polls. After that, we began to invite immigrants, and at present our agent in London is influencing the very people we want—British people with some means—people who will settle, make good citizens—people of intelligence."

Hazardous.

Life Insurance Agent (filling out application)—Your general health is good, is it not?

Applicant—Never had a sick day in my life.

Agent—Um! You do not contemplate entering upon any hazardous undertaking, I suppose?

Applicant—Well, yes, I am afraid I do. I am going to get married next Wednesday.

MODERN REALISM.

Historic Inn Deliberately Fired to Provide Cinematograph Pictures.

Ye Olde Red Lion at Hampton-on-Thames, England, was recently burnt to furnish a fireman's holiday. Despite a history going back to Cardinal Wolsey and a guest-list including Pope, Dryden, Swift, Colley, Cibber, Peg Woffington, and Kitty Clive, the place had been doomed to make way for a modern hotel.

Its internal fittings had been removed, and to Capt. Graham, the captain of the local fire brigade, came the idea of making the shell serve a useful purpose—to give good practice to his men and to help the orphan fund of the National Fire Brigade Union by affording to cinematographers and photographers the opportunity of taking realistic pictures and contributing to the fund from their profits.

The window frames, accordingly, were wreathed with cotton wool soaked in paraffin, and oil and inflammable materials were scattered about the interior.

When the cinematograph was in position the fire broke out in the lower part of the house and spread rapidly.

The alarm was given, and the Hampton Fire Brigade and the brigade of the Metropolitan Water Board from the neighboring reservoirs rushed to the inn with three steamers and several fire escapes. The place by then was enveloped in flames, and floods of water were soon playing upon it.

A number of people were able to make their escape from the taproom by the front entrance, but presently several persons, including two women whose escape appeared to be cut off, were seen at the upper windows calling for help. They were brought safely through the flames and smoke to the ground by means of the escape. A man seen crawling along the roof, and another man at an upper window, were also rescued in the same way, and the last to leave the burning building was a man who escaped by jumping from the top of the porch over the main entrance. Two horses were also rescued from the stable.

The firemen continued to pour water on the house for fifteen minutes, when the conflagration was extinguished. The old house was considerably charred after the experiment, and swamped by the water from the engines.

KING EDWARD'S INFLUENCE.

Sent Letter Which Prevented Norway Becoming a Republic.

Two anecdotes of King Edward, which go to show that His Majesty is a strict constitutionalist in his own country, but is less strict when another country is concerned, are given by the Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung on high authority:

The first is that some years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain was at the Colonial Office, the King asked him to send him some papers relating to his colonial question in which His Majesty took a special interest. Mr. Chamberlain is said to have refused, declaring if His Majesty had no confidence in his Minister he might dismiss him, but that as long as the Minister enjoyed the confidence of the King and Parliament he was inconsistent with the constitution for anybody to interfere with details of administration. After a moment's reconsideration the King replied, "You are perfectly right."

The second story would show that it is owing to King Edward's influence that Norway, after the separation, did not become a republic. Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson, the great writer and Radical politician, who played a most influential part in that event, was convinced, it is said, by an autograph letter from King Edward that a monarchy would be a great advantage to Norway, particularly if King Haakon, whose wife is an English princess, should ascend the throne.

King Edward is represented to have pointed out that England was ready to secure for Norway, after her separation from Sweden, the same international position as was secured for Sweden and Norway by the treaty of 1855, by which England and France had guaranteed the territorial independence of the two countries. The King, it is said, added that he could much more easily attain this if Norway, instead of declaring a republic, elected Haakon King. His Majesty's arguments had so convincing an effect on Bjoernson that he dropped the idea of a republic. Thus, the Allgemeine Zeitung concludes, it is owing to a letter of King Edward that Norway is not a republic.

Decreased Drunkenness.

A recently-issued Blue Book in England gives some significant and interesting returns as to the results of the measures taken under the later Licensing Acts, and the diminished number of convictions for drunkenness or for offences arising from drunkenness. During the year 1901, 1,713 licenses ceased to be operative, the persons holding them, and those owning the leases or freeholds of the license-value, being compensated. The average amount paid for extinction of licenses appears to have been less than £1,000, which would have been greatly increased if the claims of those dispossessed had been fully satisfied. The total would also have been greater if the local authorities had claimed for licenses voluntarily surrendered by them, in the interest of the community, as they will be able to under Mr. Asquith's new bill if it becomes law as it stands. It has been said that the attack has been made chiefly upon license-holders with small means and therefore likely to suffer the greatest hardship. But the fact that the compensation paid varies in individual cases from £230 to nearly £3,000 seems to dispose of that allegation. Clubs during last year increased by 186, to a total of 6,907.

Calling the Kettle White.

Judge—Are you the co-respondent in these divorce proceedings?

Witness—No, your honor. You see—er—I'm—her—er—the defendant's affinity.

Young Folks

NEW BEAN BAG GAME.

A Sport In Which Accurate Throwing Counts For Much.

A game which will amuse or interest a mixed company of young and older persons is hard to find, but from personal experience the one here described was not a failure in this respect.

Two round tin pans, a small and a large, were procured and a small hole made in the bottom of each in the center with a nail.

They were then riveted together, the one inside the other, with a small copper rivet, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2.

A number of bean bags, with which most people are familiar, were made, and the game commenced.

The pans were placed at one end of the hallway, and the players stood at the opposite end.

The younger members of the party formed one side and the older members

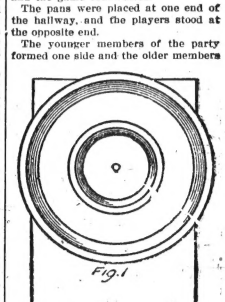


Fig. 1

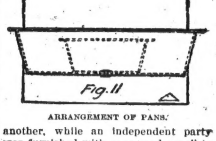


Fig. 2

ARRANGEMENT OF PANS.

another, while an independent party was furnished with paper and pencil to keep record of the game.

Each player tossed a bag in turn, trying to get it into the small pan, when ten points, or marks, were placed to his or her name.

Five marks were given for all bags which fell into the large pan and nothing for those which fell outside.

The players on one side took their turns alternately with the players on the other side until all had taken one, two or three turns each, according to the number of persons in the game, when the total number of marks gained were counted and the winning side declared.—Philadelphia Record.

FAITHFUL STUB.

Story of a Little Dog Which Bravely Did Its Duty.

Stub's master had gone away for the night and had left the dog to guard his apartments.

In the evening the house caught fire, and before the fire engine arrived the blaze had gained firm hold and little could be saved. Some of the men discovered the dog and tried to coax or drive him from the room, but Stub held his post. His would be rescuers did all they could to get him out, but he would not budge. Warning growls showed that he would use his teeth if the men resorted to force, and finally in their efforts to save the dog the firemen turned two streams of water on him. Even this did not dislodge him.

The dog's master was found and notified of the fire. When he reached his home the roof had fallen in and the building was a mass of flames. He gave one clear whistle, and Stub, who had defied fire and water and all human inducements, bounded out of the house and the next instant was licking the hand which caressed him.

A Common Error.

There is an error of speech that is made by almost everybody, educated and uneducated, careful and careless, good speakers and bad. It is the misplacing of the negative in such expressions as "I don't think I shall go tomorrow." You see the reason, don't you? It is your intention to say that you do think, not that you don't think. Therefore you should say, "I think I shall not go tomorrow." It is like misplacing the word "only" in such phrases as "I only read one book last week," which should be, of course, "I read only one book last week," the "only" properly preceding the object and not the verb.—Chicago News.

The Reason.

"Why do you always make such a noise when you shut the front door?" asked mamma.

"So that you will know I haven't left it open, mamma," explained Freddie.

Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain
At the window pane
Knocks and fumbles and raps again.
His long nailed fingers slip and strain.
Old Man Rain at the window pane
Knocks all night, but knocks in vain—
Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain,
With battered train,
Reels and shambles along the lane.
His old gray whiskers drip and drain.
Old Man Rain, with ragged train,
Reels and staggers like one insane—
Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain
Is back again,
With old Mis' Wind at the window pane,
Dancing there with her tattered train.
Her old shawl flaps as she whirls again
In the wild man reel and is torn in twain—
Old Mis' Wind and Old Man Rain.

Reader.

Cold Settles on Kidneys

Cure is obtained promptly by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Medical authorities place colds as the most frequent cause of kidney diseases.

It is customary to consider the lungs alone in danger from colds. This is a mistake.

The kidneys are quite as susceptible and the effect is to congest and clog these filtering organs until the whole system is poisoned and there comes backaches, lumbago, aching head, painful limbs and urinary derangements.

In a wonderfully short time Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills afford relief and cure.

By reason of their direct and combined action of kidneys, liver and bowels they cleanse the system, purify the blood and carry away the poisons generated by reason of the cold.

The great secret of health lies in keeping these filtering and excretory organs regular and active and this can best be done by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.

On the extraordinary success of this medicine as well as on the reliability of his great Receipt Book rests the fame of A. W. Chase, M.D.

Pat's Office Hours

Pat, a miner, after struggling for years in a far-off western mining district, finally giving up in despair, was about to turn his face eastward, when suddenly he struck it rich. Soon afterward he was seen strutting along, dressed in fine clothes. One day an old friend stopped him, saying:

"And how are you, Pat? I'd like to talk to you."

Pat stretched himself proudly.

"If you want to talk to me, I'll see you in my office. I have an office now, and me hours is from A. M. in the mornin' to P.M. in the afternoon."—North-Western Christian Advocate.

"Perfectly Trustworthy" is the character of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It can be used with the utmost confidence that it will do what is claimed for it. It is sure in its effects, as the use of it will clearly demonstrate, and can be relied upon to drive a cold out of the system more effectively than any other medicine. Try it and be convinced that it is what it is claimed to be.

A bronze bowl of Greek origin and dating from the first half of the fifth century B.C., was sold at Christie's for $3,225; while a large Greek bronze shield, made about two centuries earlier, realized $1,155.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The total number of persons in receipt of state relief throughout India is now 1,558,439.

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.

Knicker—It doesn't always pay to be polite.

Bocker—No; end seat hogs are never sugar cured.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Treasure trove secreted by Portuguese buccaneers in bygone days has been revealed near the seaside village of Paradelna in remarkable manner. The village is being slowly washed away by the action of the sea and buildings have been undermined from time to time.

Not a drop of Alcohol

Doctors prescribe very little, if any, alcohol these days. They prefer strong tonics and alteratives. This is all in keeping with modern medical science. It explains why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is now made entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor. Follow his advice.

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

Ayer's

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

WHOLE TOWN MENACED.

Bedford Endangered by Act of Discharged Workmen.

The town of Bedford, England, has had a remarkable escape from a serious catastrophe.

The gas was suddenly turned off from the works about midnight one Friday night recently, when most of the residents were in bed and asleep. It is believed that some workman with a grievance turned off the supply tap maliciously.

All the gas jets which had been left burning throughout the town—in bedrooms, in the warming stoves of public house cellars, and in shop windows—were put out.

The gas company supplies the railway signal lamps in the neighborhood, however, so the engineer was obliged to turn on the supply again immediately he learnt it had been cut off. Gas escaped from all the burners which had been put out, and it is a wonderful circumstance that no explosion has been reported from any portion of the town.

Rev. Paul Wyatt, of the Savoy Chapel Royal, the chairman of the gas company, had, however, a narrow escape from gas poisoning.

He was awakening in the night by a feeling of suffocation. He managed with difficulty to reach a window and throw it open. Several other residents had similar escapes.

Four employes at the gas works have been suspended pending inquiries.

ARMY AND CIGARETTES.

Remarkable Order by Gen. Grenfell to the Troops In Ireland.

With the object of discouraging cigarette-smoking Gen. Lord Grenfell, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, has issued an order to permit pipes only to be smoked on such occasions as when the men are resting after field operations and manoeuvres.

His order contains the following remarkable comment:

"The Commander of the Forces has, during recent visits to military hospitals, been again struck with the harm that the increasing prevalence of cigarette-smoking is doing to the health of the army. It is not confined to the army, and Parliament is likely soon to deal with it as affecting the national health.

"Lord Grenfell appeals to the Irish command to give earnest and early thought to combat what is gradually but greatly affecting its efficiency; and he requires all commanding officers to impress on those under their command the evils that must inevitably ensue from this excess."

Plague of Prickly Pears.

In eastern Australia there are at least 5,000,000 acres of land given over to the prickly pear, which so far has not shown one good quality, writes T. S. Dunnet in The Empire Review. Less than fifty years ago it was introduced into the colony, for which purpose it is admirable if its operations could be confined, but it has unconquerable ambitions and has reached out over big areas. It thrives in all sorts of soil.

There is no limit to its capacity as a grower. It will hang on to life for incredible periods, and even if a leaf is left on a bare rock it will for months maintain life until something comes along and shifts it to a more congenial locality.

Where it has the best hold it stands twenty feet high in a solid mass, intertwining itself among the shrubbery and encroaching upon the wheel tracks on the roadways. In some parts of Queensland it would cost two and three times as much to clear it as the land would be worth when denuded of its present impudent occupier. Chemists have been at work trying solutions which could be cheaply applied, but the pear daily moves onward and outward in its uninterrupted march.

British Ambassador Dead.

Sir Nicholas O'Conor, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, who died there recently, had a most distinguished career.

Born in Ireland in 1843; he entered the diplomatic service in 1866.

He was attached to H.M.'s Embassy at Berlin, 1867,70; subsequently served as secretary at The Hague, Madrid, Rio de Janeiro, Paris and Pekin. He returned to Pekin as Minister in 1892.

From 1895 to 1898 he was Ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was appointed to the Embassy at Coristantinople in 1898.

Sir Nicholas had nearly completed ten years of service at Constantinople, during which he had strenuously striven to improve the relations between Turkey and the United Kingdom, a task in which he had scored a large measure of success. The Sultan held him in high esteem.

Sir Nicholas is the first British Ambassador to die at his post at Constantinople since Sir E. Barton, who was Queen Elizabeth's Ambassador, and died in 1598.

No Good For Ratting.

His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was once on a visit to Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse for Doncaster races, and when he and a friend were taking a stroll one morning they met a miner, who, in company with a couple of bull-pups, was plan "tudy ing it out." The prince's friend asked the man how much he had paid for the two animals.

"Two quid," was the laconic rejoinder of the collier, who, of course was not aware of the identity of the gentlemen.

His Royal Highness eyed the dogs critically, and remarked: "Don't you think two pigs would have been a more profitable investment for you, my man?"

"Happen so," replied the collier, "but ah sud leuk a bloomin' fool goin' a-ratting wi' two pigs!"

Resumes His Rounds.

Mrs. Goodsole—I haven't seen you, I think, since last fall. Begging again, are you?

Ruffon Wratz (with a deprecatory cough)—Yes, ma'am. I'm one of de harbinjaires of spring.

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

Everyone Needs a Tonic in Spring to Purify and Build Up the Blood.

If you want new health and strength in spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. Indoor life during the long winter months is responsible for the depressed condition and feeling of constant tiredness which affects so many people every spring. This condition means that the blood is impure and watery. That is what causes pimples and unsightly eruptions on some; others have twinges of rheumatism, or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Poor appetite, frequent headaches, and a desire to avoid exertion is also due to bad blood. Any or all of these troubles can be banished by the fair use of such a tonic medicine as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new, rich, red blood, which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ, strengthens every nerve, and brings a feeling of new health and new energy to weak, tired out, ailing men and women. Here is proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the greatest of all spring medicines. Mr. Henry Baker, Chipman, N. B., says:—"Last spring I was so weak and miserable that I could hardly drag myself about. My appetite was poor, I did not sleep well, and dreaded work. My blood was in a terrible condition, which caused pimples and small boils to break out all over me. These would itch and pain and caused me much trouble. I tried several medicines but without the least benefit, when one day a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He spoke so highly of this medicine that I decided to take his advice and give the pills a trial. I got a half dozen boxes and the result was that by the time they were finished I felt like an altogether different man. They purified my blood, built up my whole system, and I have not had a pimple on my flesh, nor sick day since. For this reason I can highly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and purifier." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Wigg (relating his experience with can change his opinion."

"But the wisest men simply can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because they have been dead for years."—Catholic Standard & Times.

Muscular Rheumatism Subdued.—When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.

A total of 39,082 emigrants left Ireland last year. Since 1851, 4,103,015 Irishmen and women have left the island.

WE PAY HIGH PRICES FOR FURS and hides, or tan them for robes, rugs or coats. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis.

America has accepted the invitation of the Chinese government for the United States battleship fleet to visit China.

Horsemen, Read This!

I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stables for over a year, and consider it the VERY BEST for horse flesh I can get, and would strongly recommend it to all horsemen.

GEO. HOUGH.
Livery Stables, Quebec, 95 to 103 Ann St.

Mrs. Jawback— Well, marriage teaches a man a little sense, anyway.

Mr. Jawback—Yes, and then it's too late to use it.—Cleeland Leader.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Husband— Come here, Jeanie. There goes the woman George Brown spends all his spare time with.

Wife (rushing to window)—Why, that's George Brown's wife.

Husband—Well, I know it is.

Wife—You brute!—Life.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE

From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Grove on box 25c.

Mr. Subbs (after engaging cook)—There's one other thing I suppose you should know, Miss Flanigan—my wife is a chronic invalid, confined to her room.

Miss Flanigan—That's fine. I wor afeerd she might be wan iv thim chronic kickers that ar-re confined t' th' kitchen.—Puck.

Black Watch
Chewing Tobacco
The big black plug.
2269

W. N. U. No. 680.

ENDS LIFE IN EXILE.

Terrorist Chief Made Men Assassins by Hypnotic Spell.

Gershuni, the ex-student, pioneer and ruling spirit of the present revolutionary Terrorist movement in Russia, is reported by the newspapers to have died in exile but a few months.

He escaped from a life sentence in the East Siberian political penal settlement two years ago by getting some fellow-prisoners to conceal him in a coal barrel which, with a load of others, was to be taken further north. The driver was bribed and "lost" the barrel, its occupant escaping after many perils to Japan, and then to America.

Among his young comrades he was credited with strong powers of hypnotism, by which he became the real pivot of their movement. Most of the attempts against heads of the Russian Government in recent years were of his devising. It was his instruments who assassinated Prince Obolensky and M. de Plehve, and since his escape he organized some of the chief attempts of recent months.

He never took personal part in the actual deeds, but by choosing men among his desperate comrades, fascinating and frightening them, he directed the most daring coups.

Once, his friends admit, he was foiled completely. He had instigated an attempt on the life of the late M. Pobiedonostoff, procurator of the Holy Synod, which was to be carried out at the funeral of M. Lipiaguine, the Minister of the Interior, whose execution he had decreed. For assassin he had chosen a young subaltern of radical leanings. After four "seances" with Gershuni the officer promised to kill the procurator.

On the morning fixed for the deed the chief went to his agent's room and found him terrified from remorse, swearing that he could not commit murder. Gurshuni upbraided and derided him, finally giving him a bottle of strong wine and telling him to do as he was bid. The officer went out obediently with his revolver and poisoned bullets and took his position on the line of the funeral procession.

As M. Pobiedonostzeff approached on foot the eyes of the two men met, and the would-be assassin, who had cowered under the eye of Gershuni, felt himself even more helpless as the aged procurator's cold, grey, masterful eyes did not release their hold from him. It was as if they met and fought in a life-and-death combat and the Terrorist was vanquished. He broke down, sobbed and confessed. They found him in his lodgings in an hysterical state, exhausted with throwing off the spell of Gershuni.

Prince of Wales at Home.

The Prince of Wales is the wellnigh inseparable companion of his fond wife and of his no less fond five sons and one daughter, says Current to the Point. He is ever ready by the sport he loves in the shooting season and by an occasional tour to the outlying dominions of his father's immense Empire to forget the cares he leads. In a domestic aspect, he is somewhat like his cousin, the Czar, between whom and himself there exists a physical resemblance often commented upon. But the Prince of Wales has never manifested that indecision of character for which the Russian autocrat has been so severely condemned. The Czar is naturally melancholy and of the brooding temperament. The Prince is gay by disposition, with an intuitive and objective cast of mind. The Czar is reserved. The prince is said, as noted already, to be shy. But the absence of a smile so characteristic of the Czar's countenance contrasts with the loud and healthy laugh with which the prince unbends. The Czar is something of a student, disposed to sit up late over a book or papers. The prince has never displayed profound interest in literature. Nor is the prince in any sense brilliant or witty or possessed of the splendid shot and fond of the outdoor life without being what is called a nature student. He understands a ship from stem to stern. Seamanship is his one preoccupation outside the scope of an English country gentleman's life. No one can without flattery praise the originality of his ideas or the keenness of his insight or the impressiveness of his manner. He does not even look particularly princely.

A Budding Tradesman.

In a certain village the minister was in the habit of calling at the school and putting the scholars through their facings. One day he was crossquestioning a boy, when he happened to ask him if there were any prophets nowadays. This was a poser for the youth as well as for the whole class, and a dead silence reigned till a bright boy, whose father is a pushing tradesman, extended his hand eagerly toward the minister.

"Well, my lad, are there any prophets now?"

"Yes, sir; small profits and quick returns," was the triumphant response.

First Around the World.

The first man to sail a ship around the globe was Juan Sebastian del Cano, 1519-22. The glory of this most remarkable of all voyages belongs to Fernando Magellan, who conceived the idea and who came very near making it good. Magellan being killed in the Phillipines on the return trip, Del Cano took command of the Victoria and brought her safely into the port from which she started on her memorable voyage. Cook did not start on his voyage of circumnavigation until 1768, 249 years after Magellan's achievement.

Treasure Trove.

At Bridgnorth, Shropshire, recently, during excavations in the High street of the town, old silver coins to the number of 146 were found. Many of the coins were struck in 1644 or 1645. They included a Mary fourpenny piece, nine Elizabeth shillings, Philip and Mary shilling, a James VI. of Scotland mark, a James I. sixpence, and seven Charles I. halfcrowns. A jury found that the coins were treasure trove, and recommended that an application should be made to the Treasury to return the coins for the local museum.

A RICH DRAWING TEA

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Silent Parlor Matches

"SILENT AS THE SPHINX"

ALL GOOD GROCERS SELL EDDY'S MATCHES.

TEES & PERSSE LIMITED, Agts.

CALGARY WINNIPEG EDMONTON

The death is announced of the Japanese shipping owner and financier, Baron Yanosuke Iwaki, who was in a commercial sense, one of the makers of modern Japan. His father in the days of the Shoguns, saw the importance of steamships for transport, and the ships he bought were the beginning of the Japanese mercantile marine.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Diamond Bearings.

In the course of a year the General Electric company uses many thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds and sapphires which are being constantly shipped in from Australia, Holland, London, Paris, Brazil and New Zealand. The stones are used for bearings in electric meters such as are employed to register the number of kilowatt hours of energy used in the home. In order that the meters shall be accurate there must be practically no friction in the bearings. The mechanism of a meter turns in proportion to the amount of light burned or energy used. The wearing parts must be as hard as possible, that constant use will not wear and create additional friction, consequently diamond and sapphires have to be used in the shaft bearings. The diamond is the hardest substance in the world, and the sapphire ranks a close second. The bearings made of these precious stones have a long life, and, though they originally cost more, they are the cheapest in the long run.—New York Tribune.

Visibility of Lights.

The result of the experiments in light visibility conducted by Germany and the Netherlands working in harmony are given as follows: A light of one candlepower is plainly visible at one mile and one of three candlepower at three miles. A ten candlepower light was seen with a binocular at four miles, one of twenty-nine at five miles, though faintly, and one of thirty-three candlepower at the same distance without difficulty. On an exceptionally clear night a white light of 3.2 candlepower could be distinguished at three miles, one of 5.6 at four and one of 17.2 at five miles.

The experiments were made with green light, as it has been conclusively proved that if a light of that color fills the required test a red light of the same intensity will more than do so. It was found that the candlepower of green light which remained visible at one, two, three and four miles was 2, 15, 51 and 106 respectively.—Philadelphia Record.

Charged With Electricity.

"Have you noticed," asked the professor, "how often you get a slight shock these days whenever you touch the radiator or the gas jet or any other body of metal? It was not so when we were young. Thirty years ago such shocks required long and industrious tramping up and down the carpet and could be produced only by certain people. Now they are almost universal after the slightest movement and are felt by every one. The reason is that we use such enormous quantities of electrical force, all of which is dissipated into our surroundings, that everything in a large city gradually becomes charged with electricity. It is not so in the country. If any one could devise a means of collecting this wandering electrical energy, it would be very valuable."—New York Sun.

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That is
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USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c. E. W. Grove

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for sale. Not particular about location. Please give price and description, and reason for selling. State when possession can be had. Will deal with owners only.
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FREE
Send us your name and address for 12 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us the $1.20 and we will send you these TWO SOLID GOLD filled RINGS. We trust you with the Jewelry and will send it all charges paid. Send us your name and address now.
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Showing Patent Tab

Tooke SHIRTS

The back collar stud in our shirt is inserted in the tab, shewn in cut.

In this way the stud is easily inserted and it never touches the neck of the wearer.

When the collar is on, the tab cannot move.

But there is sufficient room left in the button-hole for the collar to move slightly from one side to the other, so that the collar may be easily adjusted in the front.

Only on Tooke Shirts can this tab be found.

TOOKE BROTHERS, LIMITED, MONTREAL 22

Northern Australia is the only tropical land where the white working man has unanimously taken up the pick and shovel and put the question of his suitability to the proof. In most of the other tropical lands of British empire, there is only a shifting white population, which comes out from England, and pants for a few years in a white suit, and then goes "home" again.

Porter Emerson Browne came into his office yesterday. He had been out in the country for a week and was very cheerful. Just as he was leaving he said:—

"Did you hear about that man who died the other day and left all he had to the orphanage?"

"No," someone answered. "How much did he leave?"

"Twelve children."

Mr. Browne left, too.—Everybody's Magazine.

City of Medicine Hat Times

No One Seriously Injured, but Capt. Ross Has Narrow Escape

(The Times.)

Saskatoon, Monday, June 8th.—The steamer "City of Medicine Hat" is lying in port side a third under water with bottom piloted up against concrete pier of new traffic bridge here about 200 feet from east bank. The pilot-house is crushed to match-wood and water is constantly rising, flooding the steamer. Nobody is hurt, but Captain Ross had a narrow escape, being in the wheel-house when the steamer struck. He jumped in time to save his life by catching the bridge girder when the boat keeled over. Engineer McKeown jumped into the water and clambered out. It happened about 10 o'clock Sunday. The steamer reached town Sunday morning and had to unship her smoke-stack to get under the G.T.P. bridge. The next bridge is the C.N.R., which it cleared by a few inches. Emerging from the latter a lot of telephone and telegraph wires were in the way, and as the steamer plowed through the wires became entangled in her rudder and steering gear. The boat became unmanageable. The traffic bridge was four hundred yards away, and owing to the high water it was seen that the steamer could not get clear. Full speed astern was tried in order to run the boat on land, but the current was too strong in the boat's disabled condition and she rammed into the steel girder between the fourth and fifth piers. She swung to the right pier and for a few minutes remained upright, but the strong current brought her down and she keeled to an angle of 75 degrees. The crew scrambled for the bridge pier, but Engineer McKeown took to the water, landing some distance below amid the cheers of the crowd who watched from the bridge.

Of the four Medicine Hat passengers none were on board at the time of the accident, having got off above the Grand Trunk. These passengers were H. C. Yuill, W. B. Marshall, A. Hunter and Thomas Tweed. They leave to-morrow for the Hat.

When the boat struck the coal tender broke away and went over, throwing fifty tons of coal into the water. The tender was snubbed a quarter of a mile below the C.P.R. bridge. Efforts are being made to pull off the steamer by means of a block and tackle from the bank. It is not known how serious the damage is, but it may be heavy.

Capt. Ross will refit her and continue his journey. The rising river is causing anxiety because of lifting the boat further against the pier and bridge. The water is now getting higher in the machinery. The boat is pitched up on the copper dam used in bridge construction and fear is felt that not sufficient power can be put on her to get her off. Considerable of the bedding and furnishings have been saved. The boat is uninsured except against fire. An attempt to pull her off is to be made to-morrow afternoon.

Double Drowning at Michel

Two little girls, two and four years of age, belonging to John Latzco, a Slavonian miner of Michel, were drowned in the Michel River near the town Wednesday morning.

The two children were playing near the water when the youngest fell in. The elder tried to save her little sister and they were both swept away by the current. A little boy who saw the accident reported the news to the parents. Quite a number turned out to try to rescue the bodies, and though parties have been searching for miles down the stream the bodies have not been found.

RILEY'S FIRST HIT.

Wrote a Poem "by Poe" and Palmed It on the Public.

James Whitcomb Riley began his career in a newspaper office in Anderson, Ind., by writing humorous rhymes as "advertising locals"—"doggerel" he called them. At the same time he wrote many rhymes with the serious intention of having them, if possible, recognized as poems. But he could not get them published. Even compositions whose worth he had tested—those that "would please people when I'd stand up and read 'em to them"—would be returned promptly by every magazine to which he offered them for publication. The Hoosier dialect was too "low down" for the average magazine editor.

Finally in a freak of boyish indignation, to prove that what editors really wanted was not originality, but imitation, he devised the scheme of writing a poem in imitation of Poe and of palming it off on the public as a real poem of Poe's recently discovered. The scheme was very skillfully planned and very deftly executed and successful beyond anything the clever deviser of it had ever dreamed. From one end of the country to the other "Leonainie" was hailed as a veritable "find," a bit of genius' most genuine ore. Riley had his revenge. He had some trouble, however, in proving that he was not an intentional forger.

He lost his newspaper position, but he immediately got another and better one on the Indianapolis Journal. "Come and get pay for your work," said Judge Martindale, the editor. The turn in the tide had come.

A BORN SOLDIER.

Major General Stuart, the Dashing Cavalry Leader.

Major General J. E. B. Stuart of the Confederate cavalry was a soldier by nature. Dashing and daring, cool in the face of danger, he was one of the brave and picturesque figures of the civil war. H. B. McClellan quotes in "Life and Campaigns of Major General Stuart" from General Fitz Hugh Lee's impression of the future cavalry leader while he was still at West Point:

"I recall his distinguishing characteristics, which were strict attention to military duty; erect, soldierly bearing; immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge to fight from any cadet who might feel himself in any way aggrieved and a clear, ringing voice."

Stuart was a most cheerful soldier. That "clear" voice of his was often used in singing his favorite war song:

If you want to have a good time,
Join the cavalry.

His courageous attitude was held until the very end. He was wounded by a pistol on that battlefield. As he was being carried away he noticed the disorganized ranks of his retreating men.

"Go back!" he called out. "Go back! Do your duty as I have done mine! Go back! I'd rather die than be whipped!"

Those were his last words on the field of battle. Later he said, with the same courage:

"I'm going fast now. God's will be done."

Bungle's Bad Break.

Mr. Bungle always takes a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of his fellow man. While out for a stroll one day he met a friend, who seemed in a great hurry.

"Hold on, Jones," said Bungle, grabbing his friend's arm. "Why this rush?"

"Bungle," said Jones, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "I'm hot footing it to a specialist. I believe my brain is affected."

Mr. Bungle, to allay the fears of his friend and show the customary commiseration, said joyfully:

"Pshaw, Jones, you shouldn't worry about such a little thing as that!"

"Wh hat?"

"I mean you shouldn't let such a little thing as your brain—that is, Mr. Jones, you shouldn't get so excited over nothing—of course—ah, good day, Mr. Jones!"—Bohemian.

Teaching the Drummer.

It was the custom in the days of our old navy for the men to bring to the mast all the worn out articles which were to be inspected, handed in and exchanged for new. The drummer had applied for so many drum heads that the commodore felt sure he was being imposed upon and one day set himself to watch while the band was playing. As one rattling martial air followed another his anger increased perceptibly until he burst forth in uncontrollable rage:

"There, now, confound you! I see why you use so many drum heads. Don't drum in the middle of it all the time. Drum all over that drum, I tell you!"

Plants That Hate One Another.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other. Yet this is the case with two well known English plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If a field is infested with thistles which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely annihilated.

The Judge's Advantage.

"There is one advantage which a Judge always has in his profession."

"What is that?"

"Whether he succeeds in a given case or not, he can always try it."

Many a man too late remembers that the unspoken word never starts a quarrel.—Washington Star.

THE WATERMELON.

Africa Is the Original Home of This Luscious Fruit.

The humorists always associate the African with the watermelon, assuming that the taste of the colored man for his favorite dainty arises from his life in the southern states, where the melon vine grows like a weed.

As a fact, however, the African taste for the watermelon is hereditary. The vine is a native of Africa, where it is found wild in the great central plains of the continent, and has also been cultivated for many ages.

In Egypt the melons grown along the Nile rival those of southeastern Missouri.

The melons mentioned by the Israelites as being among the good things they had in Egypt were undoubtedly watermelons, for in the wall paintings about the time of the exodus the melon vine is represented, and in one case a long procession of slaves is depicted, each bearing on his shoulder a huge dark green watermelon.

Botanists say that varieties of the melon are found in southern Asia, and some even claim that the plant grows wild in central and South Africa, but Africa is no doubt the original home of the melon, and in his preference over every other kind of vegetable or fruit the African merely displays a taste that has become fixed in his race by thousands of years of indulgence, for in central Africa the watermelons are to be had every month in the year.

HORNET SENTINELS.

It Would Seem That These Insects Keep Guard Over the Nests.

Is a hornets' nest guarded by sentinels, after the manner of ant hills? It is not so easy to decide, for their private habits do not invite familiar approach. But some experiments seemed to point that way. No noises, however near or strident, had the least effect upon the workers. Blow on divers instruments as loudly and shrilly as I would, they poured in and out of the gate or labored on the walls, intent wholly upon their own affairs. But at the slightest jar upon the window or shutter out flew a bevy of irate insects and flung themselves against the wire window screen with an angry "bump" that showed how good was their intention at least to defend their home. It was always so. A squad of workers, free and ready for aggressive duty, seemed to be lurking near the gate, prompt to sally forth upon alarm. Even at night a few kept near by, and, although their port had lost its vicious swing and they moved about with sluggish pace, like sleepy watchmen, as doubtless they were, they left upon the observer the impression that they were on sentinel service, in which the community was never lacking.—Dr. H. C. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

Reporter of the Shop.

"I never was so insulted in my life!" said the girl with the brown eyes indignantly.

"Explain further," was the request.

"Why, you know Fido chewed up the muff to that set of gray furs of mine, and so I went into a shop today to see if I could find a muff that would replace it. I told the clerk what I wanted. He couldn't find anything that would suit, so he called another clerk. This one hunted high and low, he dragged out muffs till they heaped the counter, but he couldn't find one that would match. Finally he called the proprietor, a fat, stuffy man, who came waddling down the aisle and said, 'What is the trouble?'

"'I can't make a match,' I said almost tearfully.

"'Why, that's funny,' he said in a hatefully patronizing manner. 'What's the matter with the men?'"

Michelangelo.

Michelangelo stood in the front rank both as painter and sculptor. In both arts he was worthy of the highest praise. The fresco of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine chapel is considered the most wonderful picture in the world, showing the omnipotence of artistic science and the fiery during of conception that but few other paintings can even approximate. In sculpture the "Moses" and the "Slaves," not to mention other pieces, rang among the finest creations of the art and proclaim Michelangelo to have been as masterful with his chisel as he was with his brush.

A Surprise.

Teacher—Freddy Fangle, you may give the German name of the river Danube.

Freddy—Dunno.

Teacher—Donau! That is right. I am glad you have studied your lesson so well.

Freddy is surprised, but keeps still.—Exchange.

Jolting the Grandad.

A fond grandfather and father were admiring the new baby. Fond Grandfather—I declare! That youngster is a great deal more intelligent than you were at his age. Insulted Father—Naturally: he has a great deal brighter father!—Life.

A Mere Painting.

She—Why, no. The stolen Gainsborough was not a hat—it was a picture. Her Husband—Oh. I thought from the value that it was a bat.

Strike from mankind the principle of faith and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.—Lytton.

Never was good work done without much trouble.—Chinese Proverb.

A JUBILEE JOKE.

Lady Churchill's Bustle That Played "God Save the Queen."

Everything that year (Queen Victoria's jubilee year) was dubbed "jubilee," from knights and babies to hats and coats. "God Save the Queen" was found ad nauseam on every conceivable occasion until the tune became an obsession. This led to a practical joke at the castle which caused much amusement. One morning, speaking of the jubilee craze, I pretended that I had received as an advertisement a "jubilee bustle," which would play "God Save the Queen" when the wearer sat down. This, of course, created much curiosity and laughter. Having promised to put it on, I took my hostess into my confidence. An aid-de-camp was pressed into the service and armed with a small musical box was made to hide under a particular armchair. While the company was at luncheon I retired to don the so called "jubilee wounder," and when they were all assembled I marched in solemnly and slowly sat down on the armchair where the poor aid-de-camp was hiding his cramped limbs. To the delight and astonishment of every one the national anthem was heard gently tinkling forth. Every time I rose it stopped; every time I sat down it began again. I still laugh when I think of it and of the astonished faces about me.—Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" in Century.

A GREAT STATESMAN.

Humorous Incident of Gladstone's Rivalry With Disraeli.

An anecdote of Gladstone at the time of his greatest rivalry with Disraeli is often retold. At a dinner party the subject of Judaism cropped up.

"Admitted," said Gladstone, "that the Hebrews have given the world a philosopher in Spinoza, musicians in Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, a poet in Heine, the fact remains that they have not produced a single statesman." There was silence for a moment. Every one knew of course that this was a direct allusion to Disraeli. Then one of the company stepped into the breach.

"Mr. Gladstone," he said, "as a matter of fact the Hebrews have produced a statesman and one of the greatest the world has seen."

The fighting instinct of Mr. Gladstone surged up at once. "May I ask, sir," he said pointedly, "who was this Hebrew statesman?"

Every one, anticipating a more than lively scene, waited in tense expectation for the answer. It came in the quietest tones. "Moses, sir." Every one smiled, and Mr. Gladstone joined in the laugh.

A Jewel Beyond Price.

Many years ago a Norwegian was taken to a big London hospital suffering from an illness which prevented him from earning his living. Sir Frederick Treves operated upon him and completely cured him of his trouble. Some weeks afterward the man called upon Sir Frederick at his private house, and, much to his surprise, presented him with a coin. At first Sir Frederick refused to take it, but the man would not be put off.

"It is now three years since I left my native land," he said, "and before I came away my wife gave me this coin and told me never to part with it unless I was starving. It is not worth anything, but the value to me I cannot express. When I was in the hospital I made up my mind that you should have it. Since you cured me I have been starving, but I would not part with the coin because I wanted you to have it as a small return for saving my life."

"What magnificent piece of jewelry," said Sir Frederick when he told the story, "could equal the value of that coin?"—London M. A. P.

The Attraction of Chess Problems.

The mere player who has never experienced the magnetic attraction of problems cannot fully realize the feeling of joy and satisfaction from solving some masterpiece, the work of a famous composer. There can be no doubt that solving problems, especially from diagrams, is an intellectual amusement and that the study of problems tends to accuracy of analysis, quickens the perception and strengthens the chess faculties generally and may occasionally impart some of those sparkling ideas which are so sadly needed in ordinary play.—Strand Magazine.

Riot of Joy Proffered.

A tramp applied for help at a house in the country. The kind hearted mistress made it a rule never to turn any away empty handed.

"Here's a dime for you, my man," she said. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee," said the man, "but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gloomy Hamlet.

"I went to the theater last night."

"What did you see?"

"A play called 'Hamlet.'"

"How was it?"

"Fair, only fair. A good, lively sextet would do it a world of good."

An Easy Trick.

"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch dark."

"How does she do it?"

"She makes me get up and look at the clock."—London Fun.

Every one desires to live long, but no one would be old.—Swift.

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